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SESQUI-CENTENNIAL  
OF  
PETERBOROUGH, N. H.  
ON  
OCTOBER 24, 1889.

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FROM

Hon. Nathaniel Holmes,  
of Cambridge.

16 Dec. 1890.

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*To the Harvard College Library.*

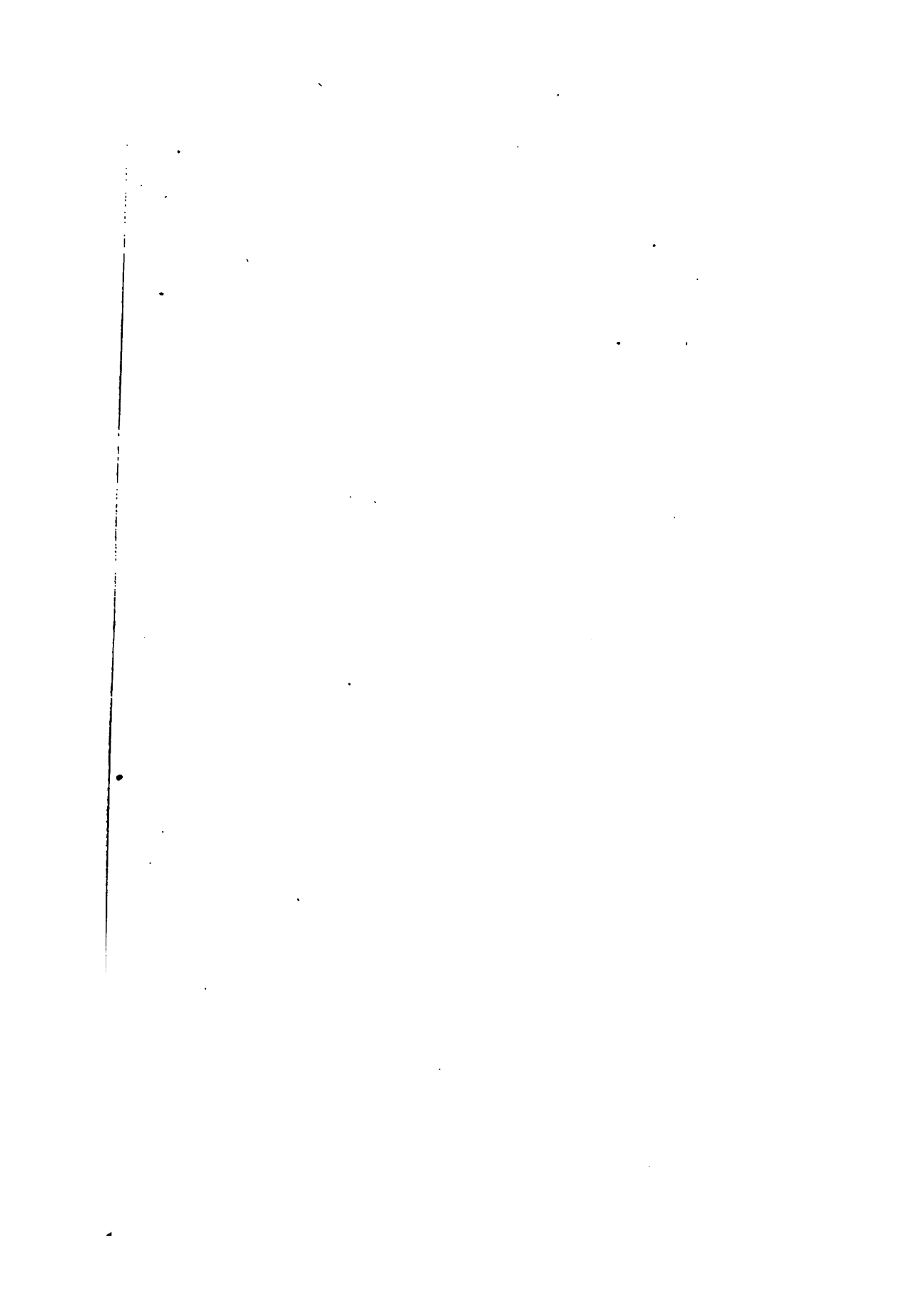
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# PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

## SESQUI-CENTENNIAL

### CELEBRATION

HELD AT

PETERBOROUGH, N. H.

THURSDAY, OCT. 24, 1889,

WITH THE ACTION OF THE TOWN AND ITS COMMITTEES INCIDENTAL  
THERETO.

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PETERBORO':

PRINTED AT THE PETERBORO' TRANSCRIPT OFFICE.  
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Hon. Nathaniel Brown

Summit

# ACTION OF THE TOWN OF PETERBOROUGH AND ITS COMMITTEES,

PRELIMINARY TO ITS SESQUI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24TH, 1889.

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At a meeting of the town, held November 6, 1888, under the article in the warrant to see what action the town would take for the proper observance of the 150th anniversary of its settlement, it was voted

"That Frederick Livingston, R. B. Hatch, D. M. White, J. R. Miller and M. L. Morrison be a committee to take into consideration the advisability of observing the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town by an appropriate celebration, and report a suitable program for the occasion at the annual town meeting in March next."

At its annual meeting, held March 12, 1889, the committee on the celebration of the 150th anniversary made the following report:

"The committee appointed by the town November 6, 1888, to take into consideration the advisability of observing the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town, and report a suitable program, etc., have given the subject that consideration which in their judgment its importance demands, and in deference to the wishes of a large number of our citizens, would recommend the adoption of the following by the town at its present meeting:

*Resolved*, That we celebrate, on Thursday, the 24th day of October next, the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town.

*Resolved*, That the following citizens constitute an honorary committee on that occasion: Frederick Livingston, John H. Morrison, William S. Treadwell, Jesse Upton, Theophilus P. Ames, Alvah Ames, John Little, Samuel R. Miller, Nathaniel H. Moore, Daniel B. Cutter, Asa Davis, Amzi Childs, Thomas Little, Nathan B. Buss, Sargent Bohonon, Samuel Converse.

*Resolved*, That the following citizens are chosen as a committee of arrangements, whose duty it shall be to invite such guests as they shall see fit, and do and provide all things necessary for the celebration, viz.: John R. Miller, Charles H. Brooks, Ebenezer W. McIntosh, Charles Scott, George W. Farrar, William Ames, John Wilder, Thomas B. Tucker, Winslow S. Kyes, Joseph Farnum, Riley B. Hatch, Frank G. Clarke, Ezra M. Smith, Daniel M. White,

James F. Brennan, Samuel E. Crowell, James H. Wood, William H. Walbridge, Sylvester Tenney, Andrew J. Walbridge, John Gates, Mortier L. Morrison, Granville P. Felt, Elbridge Howe, Joseph Brackett, John Cragin, Albert W. Noone, William Moore, George H. Longley, Stephen D. Robbe, John Q. Adams, Collins C. Robbins, Isaac Hadley, John O. Nay, Jones N. Dodge, Charles Wilder, Henry K. French, Franklin Field, Andrew A. Farnsworth, Willard D. Chase, John H. Cutler, William G. Livingston.

*Resolved*, That the town raise and appropriate the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars for the purpose of defraying any expenses incident to the celebration, and that the Selectmen are hereby authorized to draw orders on the treasurer for all bills of said committees, provided their amount shall not exceed the above named sum."

Voted to accept the above report, and to adopt the resolutions, and raise and appropriate the sum of \$350 for that purpose.

At the first meeting of the committee of arrangements, at which a majority was present, held May 1, John R. Miller was elected chairman, and James F. Brennan, Secretary. William Ames, William H. Walbridge and John Wilder were appointed a committee to nominate the several committees necessary to carry out the celebration, and report at a future meeting.

M. L. Morrison, R. B. Hatch and J. R. Miller were elected as a committee to select and secure the orator of the day, and said committee made as their report, at the next meeting of the committee of arrangements, held June 12, that they had secured Hon. Nathaniel Holmes, of Cambridge, Mass.

At this meeting, the committee on nominations for sub-committees, made their report, which was adopted, and the following persons constitute the various committees who prosecuted their various departments to a successful termination:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—F. G. Clarke, H. K. French, Charles Scott, Wm. Ames, W. D. Chase.

COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS.—Joseph Farnum, W. G. Livingston, Charles Wilder, A. A. Farnsworth, E. M. Smith.

COMMITTEE ON COLLATION.—Isaac Pettengill, Sylvester Tenney, Jones N. Dodge.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS.—John Gates, F. A. Tracy, W. S. Kyes.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.—Fred Robbe, Fred J. Ames, T. F. Burns.

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.—C. H. Brooks, E. W. McIntosh, S. E. Crowell.

It was voted that the executive committee, and those on decoration and collation have power to appoint such sub-committees, and obtain such other assistance as may be necessary in carrying out the details of their several offices.

The committee to secure an orator, with the secretary, were appointed to furnish the orator such information and dates as he may require.

The executive committee, at a meeting held September 20, decided upon a grand 'trades' procession, as part of the program, and also to add an antiquarian room, as one of the attractive features.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Saunders, were appointed a committee to have in charge the antiquarian room.

James F. Brennan, John Wilder, Charles C. Spear were appointed a committee to have in charge the street parade.

William Moore was appointed by the committee on music to have charge of the singing.

George H. Longley was appointed to see that those who were members of the band and chorus fifty years ago were invited and assigned a prominent place in the hall.

At a meeting of the executive committee, held October 5, John R. Miller was selected as *President of the Day*, Charles Scott, *Toastmaster*, Gen. D. M. White, *Chief Marshal*, with power to appoint his aids; Joseph Farnum and John Scott a committee to have in charge the newspaper reporters who may be present; H. K. French, M. L. Morrison, A. A. Farnsworth a committee on reception.

A route of the procession (which is embraced in the general orders of the chief marshal), and a program for the exercises in the town hall were adopted.

The committee of invitation reported that they had sent out upward of eight hundred circular invitations, and had the names of about one hundred more former residents whose present address they had been unable to ascertain.

The committee on collation reported that they had arranged with Ervin H. Smith to provide the dinner in the banquet hall, at a stipulated price.

It was voted to invite all citizens in the village, and especially those on the line of march, to decorate their houses, thus rendering our village more attractive, and emphasizing our welcome to our absent sons and daughters who meet with us on this festive occasion.

It was also voted that the executive committee provide for the decoration of the exterior of the town hall building.

It was voted that the exercises of the day be followed by a grand vocal concert, and the committee reported that they had engaged the celebrated Arion Quartet, assisted by Miss Ida Florence, a professional reader.

The following general orders were issued by Gen. D. M. White, upon assuming the position assigned him:

GENERAL ORDERS  
No. 1.

OFFICE OF CHIEF MARSHAL,  
GRANITE BLOCK.

Peterboro', N. H., October 15, 1882.

I. Having been appointed Chief Marshal of the exercises on the occasion of the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Peterboro', to be held on the 24th inst., I hereby assume the duties of the office, and announce the following appointments as Assistant Marshals and Aids: Capt. L. P. Wilson, Chief of Staff; Capt. M. L. Morrison, Assistant Marshal and Chief of Division; Capt. C. A. Jaquith, Assistant Marshal and Chief of Division; Aids—Herman A. White, Dr. F. A. Hodgdon, John C. Swallow, Rev. J. H. Hoffman, Dr. C. J. Allen, John H. Dane, John W. Robbe, Rev. W. H. Walbridge.

II. Chiefs of Divisions and Aids will report to the Chief Marshal at his office, mounted, at 8 o'clock a. m., the 24th instant. They will also report in person to Capt. Wilson, Chief of Staff, at such time or times before the day of parade as he may designate, for the purpose of instruction.

III. Peterboro' Cadet Band, A. F. Stevens Post 6, G. A. R., Charles L. Fuller Camp, S. of V., and the Peterboro' High School Cadets will report to H. A. White in front of G. A. R. Headquarters promptly at 8:30 a. m., the 24th inst., who will report with the command to the Chief Marshal at 8:45 a. m., near the residence of Dr. Chase on Concord St., where temporary headquarters will be established.

IV. Capt. E. H. Smith commanding Troop A, Cavalry, N. H. N. G., will report with his command to the Chief Marshal at temporary headquarters as designated in paragraph III. of these orders, at 8:30 a. m., on the morning of the parade.

V. The line will be formed in three divisions, the right of the first resting on Concord St. near the village cemetery, and will break into column in the following order:

Platoon of Police.  
Chief Marshal and Aids.

*First Division.*

Peterboro' Cadet Band—F. J. Ames, Leader.  
Aaron F. Stevens Post 6, G. A. R.—George R. Peasley, Commander.  
Chas. L. Fuller Camp, S. of V.—E. M. Robbins, Commander.  
Peterboro' High School Cadets—Harry L. Steele, Commander.  
Troop A, Cavalry—E. H. Smith, Commander.

The Trade Procession will be divided, and will constitute the second and third divisions. They will be under the command of Captains Morrison and Jaquith, respectively, and will be formed on the left of the first division at the north end of Concord St. All teams and representations of trade and industry must report to the Chief Marshal punctually at 8:30 a. m.

VI. The column will move precisely at 9 o'clock in the order above named over the following route unless otherwise ordered by the executive committee: Up Concord St. to Main, up Main to Grove, through Grove St. and over Morison Bridge to Granite St., through Granite to Main, up Main and Union Sts. to Prospect St., when the second and third divisions will be dismissed, the first division returning down Union and Main Sts. to the town hall, where it will be disbanded.

VII. Parties who participate in the trade or industrial parade can confer with Capt. Wilson, Chief of Staff, or the Chiefs of Divisions, for any information at any time prior to the day of celebration. Any parties who have not already signified their intention to take part in the parade but desire to do so, should notify Capt. M. L. Morrison, that a place may be assigned them in the procession. Believing as I do that all citizens who are enterprising enough to engage in this parade, can realize and comprehend the importance and absolute necessity of punctuality, it seems unnecessary for me to again remind them that they should report promptly at the time and places designated in these orders, that the literary and other exercises may not be delayed or interrupted, bearing in mind that the column will move at 9 o'clock, precisely, on the morning of "The Day we Celebrate."

D. M. WHITE, Chief Marshal.

L. P. WILSON, Chief of Staff.

## PARADE OF TRADES' PROCESSION.

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The future historian of Peterborough will have occasion to record Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of October, 1889, as witnessing one of the most interesting, if not one of the most important events in the history of the town. Other events may have left a more lasting impress upon the welfare and prosperity of the town, but none ever afforded the opportunity for so much real solid happiness and enjoyment of the multitude of sons and daughters of the good old town as did this occasion. On that day the people of Peterborough had, by special invitation, invited all the absent sons and daughters and all former residents of the town, to join with them in celebrating, with fitting exercises, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town. The response was gratifying in the extreme.

For many days previous the incoming trains brought many, and on the twenty-third they were heavily freighted with those who joyously accepted the invitation to join in the festivities of the following day. And many were the warm hearted and cordial greetings of old friends who had long been separated by distant homes. The excursion trains on the morning of the celebration were packed with people from the adjoining towns, while others came in teams, and not within the last half century had there been so large a gathering of people in the good old town, especially of its absent sons and daughters, as came together on this memorable occasion.

The changeable aspect of the weather for several days previous had caused alternate hopes and fears in the minds of those most interested in the celebration, but when the morn came the heart of the great multitude rejoiced in the promise of a perfect day. And the promise was fulfilled, for it proved a most glorious day unto the end.

At an early hour the main streets of the village were filled with teams and lined with pedestrians on either side, all anxious to secure a full view of the trades' procession, which was forming at the lower end of Concord street. The procession was formed under the direction of Gen. D. M. White, chief marshal of the day, assisted by numerous aids, and moved promptly at the appointed hour—9 A. M.—in the following order:

FIRST DIVISION.

Platoon of Police.

Chief Marshal, General Daniel M. White.

Capt. L. P. Wilson, Chief of Staff.

Hon. M. L. Morrison and Capt. C. A. Jaquith, Assistant Marshals  
and Chiefs of Divisions.



Aids—Herman A. White, Dr. F. A. Hodgdon, John C. Swallow, Rev. J. H. Hoffman, Dr. C. J. Allen, John H. Dane, John W. Robbe, Rev. W. H. Walbridge, mounted.

Peterboro' Cadet Band, 21 pieces, F. J. Ames, leader.

Aaron F. Stevens Post 6, G. A. R., Geo. R. Peasley, commander.

Geo. B. McClellan Post 88, G. A. R., of East Jaffrey,  
W. J. Allen, commander.

Peterboro' School Cadets, Harry L. Steele, commander.

Troop A, Cavalry, N. H. N. G., Ervin H. Smith, commander.

#### SECOND DIVISION.

Ancient Carriages, one containing Will A. Knight and wife, the other Leroy P. Greenwood and daughter; A. T. Hovey and lady, and John F. Dunklee and lady mounted on pillions, with Geo. W. Towle on foot acting as conductor, and all dressed in fine, well preserved old costumes of the last century.

*Forty-five Floats and Carriages representing the Trades and Industries of the Town, as follows:*

Peterboro' *Transcript*, Messrs. Farnum & Scott. Reporters taking notes and compositor setting type, representing a printing office in operation. A printing press was kept in motion and hand-bills were thrown out along the entire route of the procession.

Brennan's Marble and Granite Works, established in 1849.

S. Tenney & Son, furniture, carpets and furnishings.

Tucker's Hotel, Thomas B. Tucker, proprietor.

Jesse Martin, tailoring establishment in operation.

Nichols Brothers, stove dealers, and workers in tin, sheet iron, copper, &c. A most elaborate display.

G. W. Farrar & Son, representation of the interior of a wheelwright and blacksmith shop—forge in full blast, men shaping iron on an anvil with vigorous blows, a body maker busy on a carriage, wheels and other parts of vehicles, a horse meanwhile being shod. Upon the same float was our veteran carriage painter, Lorenzo Holt, with his men engaged in painting.

Peterboro' Bakery delivery team.

E. Howe & Co., truss and supporter manufactory in operation.

Howard M. Hersey, marble and granite works.

J. C. Diamond, wood and lumber.

Will A. Knight, milk.

C. F. Davis, boots, shoes and rubbers.

The Briggs Piano Stool Company, display of manufactured goods.

A. Taylor & Co., meats and provisions.

Ambrose L. Shattuck, ice.

J. M. Collins, milk.

Smith Brothers, groceries and hardware, two teams.

J. Wilder & Co., clothing, hats, caps, trunks, &c.

Vinall's Mills, Geo. H. Vinall & Co., proprietors, lumber, two teams, one with unsawed logs, the other with the finished product in variety.

L. E. Wilson, artist, display of photographic work.

#### THIRD DIVISION.

Two teams containing a choir composed of the girls of the public schools.

Frank E. Taggart, display of stoves.

E. G. Davis, clothier, hatter and gents' furnisher.

S. P. Longley, meats and provisions.

Phoenix and Union Manufacturing Companies, three floats, one bearing an ancient hand loom in operation, with ancient wheels both great and small, displayed ready for the spinners' use. Next came a modern loom weaving cloth, the power being furnished by a belt from a wheel of the vehicle, while the third team contained the finished products.

Settler's log cabin with family inside, smoke ascending from the chimney, and the traditional coon skin tacked up just outside the door.

American Express Company team, Geo. P. Dustan, agent.

Walbridge & Taylor, flour, grain, meal, feed, dry goods, and groceries.

Alvin Townsend, teamster and general jobber, portable engine mounted on a truck.

A. Fuller, mowing machines and other farm machinery.

W. S. Goodnow, dry goods, groceries, and clerk fitting customer to a suit of ready made clothing.

Boston Store, display of dry goods, cloaks, small wares, &c.

J. G. Leonard, watches, jewelry and sewing machines.

C. Edwin Jaquith & Co., carpenters and builders, three floats. The first had a log cabin in process of building while the procession moved on, and in contrast with this followed another bearing a miniature modern house on which the carpenters toiled energetically, with Marden building the chimney, the third containing an exhibit of doors, sash, blinds, &c.

G. S. Stockwell & Co., and C. A. Coffin & Co., shoes.

Hilaire Bourdon, representation of Indians and early settlers in their early haunts, showing miniature forest and wigwam.

E. H. & A. O. Smith, market gardeners, extensive display of vegetables.

## EXERCISES IN TOWN HALL.

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### FORENOON.

Long before the lengthy column composing the Trades' Procession had been dismissed, the crowd had taken possession of the town hall and filled every available seat and standing place, and promptly at 11 o'clock the indoor exercises were commenced.

The stage was tastefully trimmed with evergreen and potted plants, the dates, "1739," "1839" and "1889," being made especially conspicuous. The platform was occupied by the officers of the day, the following citizens acting as vice presidents: Frederick Livingston, John H. Morison, Nathaniel H. Moore, Isaac Hadley, Thomas Little, Asa Davis, Sargent Bohanon, Nathan B. Buss, Amzi Childs, Christopher A. Wheeler, Alvah Ames, Stephen White, William F. Pratt, Jesse Upton, Samuel Converse, Andrew A. Farnsworth, Stephen D. Robbe, Theophilus P. Ames, John M. Ramsey, Allen Buckminster, Hubert Brennan, Granville P. Felt, Franklin Field, Augustus Fuller, Charles H. Brooks, Levi Cross, John B. Dane, John Q. Adams, Joseph Farnum, and with these were seated a chorus of forty singers, several of whom participated in the centennial celebration of fifty years ago, and prominent invited guests.

The formal exercises of the day were as follows:

Overture, "Mignonette," by Peterboro' Cadet Band.

Address of Welcome, by Hon. F. G. Clarke, Chairman of the Executive Committee:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—In behalf of the executive committee representing the town of Peterboro' upon this occasion, I extend to each and all a cordial and friendly welcome to the festivities of the day, and I assure you that the satisfaction of her citizens will be co-extensive with the enjoyment of their guests. We have met today to celebrate an important event in the history of our town—the absence of her former sons and daughters would have been sadly missed—their presence here today in such goodly numbers makes our joy complete, and it is the truest token of loyalty and affection that you could possibly render to the old place. May the tender memories of the past, as well as the fond enjoyment of the present, amply reward you for your efforts.

Lord Nelson said to his men at Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty." In behalf of the citizens of Peterboro'

I say to you that every person has performed his duty in connection with this event, and spared no pains to make this a day of enjoyment to all, and what we expect of her sons and daughters is, to "ask and it shall be given you." Fifty years ago today the town of Peterboro' celebrated in a fitting manner the one hundredth anniversary of its corporate existence. | Then New England and California were separated seemingly by impenetrable barriers; today they are joined together by a band of iron that will make them neighbors forever. Then the knowledge of important events moved at a moderate pace; today intelligence is flashed under the Atlantic ocean to the Queen of England almost instantaneously, and all agree that we are living in a marvellous age. Then the town of Peterboro' was a quiet, isolated village; today it is a bustling, thriving, growing town, connected by rail or wire with the civilized world. |

Is it not most fitting that we should pause today, upon this important and interesting occasion, beside this one hundred and fiftieth milestone, and consider together the changes, the wondrous changes that have been wrought during the past fifty years by the hand and brain of man?

Fifty years ago today such men as Jonathan Smith, Stephen P. Steele, John Scott, James Scott, Frederick Livingston, William Follansbee, Timothy K. Ames and others, were not only conspicuous in the centennial celebration of the town, but they were important factors in its development and prosperity. These men with one exception have all passed away. They are gone. In their day and generation they performed well their parts, and they have left an indelible stamp upon our institutions and upon the character of our people. We are here today, among other things, to pay a just and loyal tribute to their worth, and to their memory, and while they wrought exceedingly well, not the least of their achievements being the founding of the first *free* public library in the United States, and for it are entitled to our unspeakable praise, yet the fact is that the present generation excels the past. It ought to excel, for we have had the benefit of their wisdom and experience. We are not, however, relying upon the reputation and experience of our ancestry alone, but rather upon the brains and sagacity of our own men and women, adopting that as a motto which was never known to fail, Excelsior! Excelsior!

If the standard of education, temperance, and good citizenship has since been raised by us to a considerable extent, I am sure that the former sons and daughters of Peterboro' will not be jealous of the fact, any more than we are jealous of the reputations they have won abroad, but they will rather rejoice with us today at this evidence of our progress and reform.

While we may have advanced in these respects, there are some things that I promise you have not changed. They never will

change. I refer to the hearts of our people. They still beat as truly, as affectionately, and as hospitably as they did in '39. And again they welcome you in our midst.

Prayer by Rev. W. H. Walbridge.

Address by John R. Miller, President of the Day:

FELLOW CITIZENS OF PETERBOROUGH:—To very few, and but once in a lifetime, falls the honor conferred upon me, on an occasion like the present. Appropriately can I address you as fellow citizens, since my ancestors were among the first settlers, and with their descendants, sleep in your cemeteries; and from my earliest recollections this has been my home. Here have I labored with and for you, and what good fortune is mine has been acquired in your midst and by your favor.

Fifty eventful years have passed since our citizens assembled, as we are gathered today, to celebrate the first centennial anniversary of the town, and with glad music and song—in oration and responsive addresses, they paid their tribute to the early settlers, as they recounted their hardships and privations—their peculiarities and their virtues, and held up to those who might come after them, such qualities and usages as should pass away with their generation. Their tribute to those sturdy pioneers was not unmerited. Not alone for the heritage bequeathed to their children and their children's children, was their gratitude manifested, but in the progress they had developed. At the close of the day, and when the darkness rendered it nearly impossible to distinguish each other's faces, their meeting was adjourned for a century; "and with shouting and clapping of hands—joy mingling with pensive thoughts—the assembly separated to lie down in their graves long before the next meeting should be held." Though but one half that time has elapsed, how true of nearly all those who were then active participants in those scenes. One only of the committee of arrangements is with us; and "grown old gracefully" the orator of 1839 is spared to join with us in this second anniversary. The commander of one of the military companies, (S. R. Miller), the pride of the town, which added much to the pageantry of that occasion, honors our gathering by his presence, and a few of that splendid body of men still remain to participate in our rejoicings. A favored few of those who joined in music and song listen once more to the refrain, while the youth of that early period and such as have since come upon the stage, compose the active celebrants of today.

The record of the first half of her second century is fully completed, and the town has deemed it wise that we come together, and invite our absent sons and daughters to contemplate that record and determine for ourselves if the responsibilities and opportunities committed to us by the fathers have been faithfully executed and wisely improved. To this end, an answer to the

inquiry, "What in the history of Peterboro' during the fifty years, is deserving of a celebration?" made to the committee after one of its meetings, may be pertinent to the hour. What we were in 1839—what we are in 1889. Material progress, wealth, improvements and natural advantages presented to the rising generation are some of the problems presented, as well as that important one, "Have we, as a people, improved in all knowledge, virtue, and every moral principle?" We can but glance at, (we cannot realize), the change in growth and general outline of our village compared to what it was in 1839. Few of the buildings of that time are now the same, while larger and more modern structures adorn our streets, and our manufactories and places of business have all been added as the old gave place to the new; while the majority of farm houses are supplanted by larger and more convenient buildings, streets have multiplied with sidewalks, and street lamps, and gutters and sewers; stone bridges span the rivers in place of wooden; the town furnishes its own time, and owns its own appliances for extinguishing fires; the little old town house has long been a dwelling place, while a more commodious succeeded it, and still later, the present luxurious opera house; the little red school houses—one out in the lot, and one on the hill, where first we learned to read, and their dubious substitute—the old academy, within whose walls so many of us received our all of educational advantages, (now alas! forsaken), while today, our children enjoy the luxury of the beautiful rooms, with all the modern improvements grouped beneath the walls of the building that crowns the Hill of Science, and offering to them educational advantages undreamed of, when to those pursuits our steps we bent. The various religious societies, which had aforetime worshipped on the hills, wisely removed to the centre their earthly temples, within a brotherly distance of each other, and with their modern chapels and organs, have banished the antiquated bass viol and violin. The railroad came, and then another, and then departed the old stage coaches and their merry drivers—the resounding crack of their whips, and the grace and ease and agility with which they rounded out the trip—surmounted the rise and halted at the hotel—while the teams, our arteries of commerce until then, sought other fields, and the mails that supplied our utmost needs at three times a week, have increased to four times a day, and still in our fast age, the demand is, *more speed*. Our neighbors furnished the weekly news and supplied the locals, save what we purchased from the county seat, until the *Transcript* had its birth; and then the daily papers and telegraph and telephone are some among the many strides in our advancing progress.

Eventful years truly were those which embrace the first half of the period of which we take note today. Often was our peace broken in upon, and our usual quiet disturbed. Excitements fol-

lowed each other in rapid succession. The revolutionizing political campaign of 1840—the advent of Millerism, followed closely by that of Mormonism, in the labors of Magin and nearly all the prominent Latter Day Saints—the Gold Fever of 1849—the never-to-be-forgotten Know Nothing agitation, when so many saw Sam—the birth of a new party and its ultimate triumph in the election of Abraham Lincoln, with all which we had much to do and more to say. But the culmination was reached when a portion of the country resorted to arms against the government, and the tidings were flashed over the wires that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. It was then demonstrated, and not before, that the citizens of old Peterboro' were true to the precepts and principles of our ancestors. There was not a disloyal man in our midst, and although strong political prejudices were manifested, and injudicious utterances indulged in, I think I know whereof I speak, when I assert that no traitor had a dwelling here.

From the first call for volunteers, until the final requisition, all citizens manifested an unflagging interest in the defence of the nation. There were few sacrifices too great for them to make. In public town meetings and in private gatherings they provided for furnishing the town's quotas as fast as requisitions were made. They were lavish of their means that their men should have everything required for their necessities. Ample provision was made for the families of those who went forth to do battle for them. Our best and bravest abandoned their varied callings, and the luxury of pleasant homes and the society of their dearest friends—marched to the front with but one common impulse, and that, that the nation might be preserved—doing all and daring all, if but the best government known to man be perpetuated. In the heat of summer, in the cold of winter, in sunshine and in storm, in swamp and through thicket, they faltered not; where the battle raged fiercest, and where the killed, wounded and missing outnumbered the survivors, could be found the brave volunteers from old Peterboro'. And not alone went they forth. The loyal hearts and prayers of mothers and sisters, of fathers and brothers and friends went with them, and in so far as it were possible, ministered to their needs, and aided to their utmost in lightening the hardships that their devotion to country had imposed. Cherished and revered will ever be the memory of those who laid down their lives; while our gratitude shall in no degree grow less toward those who returned to enjoy with us the protection of that government which they so heroically maintained.

It must be apparent to the unprejudiced observer, that, as a town, we have kept pace with the outside world in those advances and improvements which are so needful in rendering a community prosperous. The church and the school house, emblematic of religion and intelligence—without which no republic can endure—

improved and more potent for good, still stand side by side, and for the higher education of our people. In our customs and habits we acknowledge no backward step, and our purpose is outlined to go up higher, and take our brother with us. In material wealth we rank ninth in valuation among all the towns in the state. In influence, political and otherwise, we call your attention to the number of our citizens who have filled positions of honor and responsibility in the state and county, and which trusts were executed with signal ability; to the many who have distinguished themselves and honored the town in the legislative department of the state, and to that still larger number who have honored the various offices in the gift of the town, and whose faithful services have contributed so much to enhance our growth and prosperity.

In view of what she has accomplished and of what that is an earnest she will undertake, is it necessary, speaking for the town, for me to assert that there is no better place upon which God's sunshine falls in which to work out that success in life to which the young man or woman, native or adopted, has firmly, faithfully and determinedly resolved to achieve? Not one of our citizens in all the past, nor in the future will there be likely to be one, who casts his lot with the dwellers in this valley, and beneath the shadow of our grand old mountain, but will find that his merit, ability and adaptation for position will be recognized. Such has been the policy of this community since it had an organization. We admit that the judgement of the masses is critical—seemingly sometimes slow; but the deserving triumph in the end.

Assembled here, with our absent sons and daughters, we would unite in doing honor to the memories of those early settlers and their descendants, whose untiring industry, sterling virtues, indomitable energy and courage, and far seeing wisdom have made possible the Peterboro' of today. Be it ours to transmit to our posterity this heritage, with vaster possibilities than when we received it—one endeared to us all by the tenderest memories it were possible to invoke—our *birthplace* and our *home*; that spot to which memory shall revert in all the adverse hours of life, and the *one place dearest of all on earth*. May it be the last longing earthly desire of every native son and daughter that they be laid to rest in their native soil, and beside the friends they loved, and their requiem, the sighing pines, which have kept unceasing vigils over the graves of their ancestors.

Singing by the choir, Mozart's 12th Mass, "Glory to God on High."



# AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TOWN OF PETERBOROUGH, N. H., OCTOBER 24, 1889,  
BY NATHANIEL HOLMES.

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MR. PRESIDENT, AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—We are here assembled to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town of Peterborough. We have laid aside for the hour the absorbing interests of the present that we may duly commemorate the deeds and days of our ancestors, consider of our own progress, and take some new reckoning, perhaps, for that open future, which, though not altogether unknowable, not even the prophet of the Three Times could be expected to reveal to us in full.

The town of Peterborough may be said to date its origin from the year 1739, when the Province of Massachusetts made a grant of a township of six miles square beyond the ridge of the "East Monadnoc" to a company of proprietors, some of them citizens of old Concord; but no one of them appears to have become an actual settler. The whole region was then a wilderness of forest. A few earlier attempts at clearing had been driven off by the Indians. For some time, there was doubt about the civil jurisdiction and the title to the soil; but in 1741 the boundary line between the two provinces, as established by order of the King in Council, was surveyed to run from a point three miles north of the Merrimac at Pawtucket Falls straight westward across the northward trend of the river valley to the Connecticut, cutting the old town of Dunstable in two in the middle, leaving the northern part to take the names of Nashua, Hollis, Merrimac and others, and clearly fixing this older grant within the province of New Hampshire. And in 1748 the "Masonian proprietors," who had acquired, in 1746,<sup>1</sup> the original grant of King James I. to the council of Plymouth, confirmed by deed the titles of the previous grantees and settlers; and as early as 1753 the new town had taken the name of Peterborough from the Earl of Peterborough, as the county afterwards, in 1771,<sup>2</sup> took its

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(1) For a statement of this title, see the "Address of the Hon. Joel Parker," in Cutter's *History of Jaffrey*, Concord, N. H., 1881, pp. 544-552, and on the organization of towns, p. 554.

(2) Worcester's *History of Hollis*, Boston, 1870, p. 121.



4-LLARC PHOTOGRAPH

OLD ACADEMY BUILDING.  
1335.

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name from the Earl of Hillsborough, two notable Englishmen of that period. It was incorporated by that name under Gov. Benning Wentworth, on the 17th of January, 1760; and then, for the first time, the small colony of hopeful inhabitants (who had thus far made their own laws), was invested with ample powers of municipal government, and its steady growth and prosperity were assured.

The learned centennial address of the Rev. John H. Morison, who stood much nearer than we now do to the traditions that had come down through the older men from the earliest times, and the elaborate "History" of the late Dr. Albert Smith, who gave much study, care and pains to the favorite topic of his later years, have left little that can be added, now, to the story of the first settlers, or even to the account of the civil, industrial, and moral or religious growth and development of the whole community down to our day and generation. We delight to dwell on the romantic tale, but here we must take an eagle flight over a wide field, touching only the higher tops of things, those main facts and features which, like the best passages of scripture, may be none the worse for being repeated.

The earliest clearings, made in face of danger from the Indians, were begun a few years prior to 1739. The names of these earliest pioneers were (according to various traditions) Capt. Thomas Morison, Wm. McNee, John Taggart, Wm. Ritchie, Wm. Scott, Wm. Robbe, Samuel Stinson, Thomas Cuninghame, Jonathan Morison, Wm. Wallace, Wm. Mitchell, and Hugh and Wm. Gregg; but no permanent families were established before 1749, increasing to some fifty families within the next ten years. They came from the Scotch-Irish colonies that had already been planted at Londonderry, N. H., and Lunenburg, Mass., and they were not altogether strangers to each other.

In the summer of 1718, five ships with a hundred or more emigrant families came over from the north of Ireland to Boston; some of them found their way to Worcester and thence to Palmer, Pelham, Coleraine, and other towns in Massachusetts; a large number under the lead of the Rev. John Morehead founded the Federal Street Church in Boston; and one ship with some twenty families, sailing for the Merrimac late in autumn, was driven into Casco Bay, and was frozen in for the winter at the place which soon afterwards became the town of Portland. Their provisions giving out, they suffered some hardships, but found relief among the inhabitants there. Upon a petition addressed to the General Court of Massachusetts, it was voted to send them "100 bushels of corn meal at the expense of the Treasury." A few families settled in that vicinity: the rest, in the spring of 1719, sailed up the Merrimac to Haverhill, and thence proceeded to that high and beautiful region of country that was called Nutfield, because it abounded in

chestnuts, butternuts, and walnuts; and there they determined to locate their grant of twelve miles square of land. This grant (it seems) had been made by Gov. Samuel Shute, then Governor of both Provinces, upon a petition signed in Ireland, March 26th, 1718, by 217 persons, all but seven (says Dr. Smith) signing "in a fair, legible hand," before they set out on their voyage. These sixteen first settlers and their families that had thus arrived, on the 22d day of April, 1719, had come over in company with their pastor, the Rev. James McGregor, most of them from his Parish of Aghadowey six miles south of Coleraine in the County of Londonderry, I.<sup>1</sup> Under a large oak tree on the shore of a bright sunny lake they joined in prayer and thanksgiving for their safe arrival in a land where conscience was free. Among them were Samuel Allison, James Gregg, James McKean, John Mitchell, John Morison, Thomas Steele, and John Stuart. They were soon joined by a large number of their compatriots, the lands were divided out to a long list of grantees, and in 1722 the town was incorporated by New Hampshire authority by the name of Londonderry.

In 1736 (seventeen years later) another ship with emigrants from the same counties in Ireland landed at Boston; these families passed the winter at Lexington, and in the next summer settled at Lunenburg, Mass., and other towns in that vicinity. Among them were the names Cuninghame, Ferguson, McNee, Little, Robbe, Scott, Smith, Stuart, Swan, White and Wilson.

From these colonies Peterborough was first settled; but from time to time at later dates, and especially after the Revolution, there came also among them other families, mostly of English Puritan descent, from various other towns in both Provinces. These families have had an important influence upon the affairs and prosperity of the town in the later times, but the character, manners and faith of the Scotch-Irish element largely prevailed throughout the whole first century.

At the time when the new Londonderry was founded, descendants of the English Puritans from Massachusetts had settled along the Merrimac river as far north as the old town of Dunstable, or even the Uncanoonuc Hills. Some jealousies existed for a time between the two sorts of people. At first, the Puritans hardly knew what to make of the new comers; some mistook them for wild Irish. When they started up the Merrimac in boats, and one was upset in the rapids, it was said that

"They soon began to scream and bawl,  
As out they tumbled one and all,  
And, if the Devil had spread his net,  
He could have made a glorious haul."

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(2) L. A. Morrison's "*Rambles in Europe*," Boston, 1887, p. 54.

The proprietors of East Pennacook (Concord) refused to allow them to settle there, but they were not excluded from the later Suncook grant of 1731 to the survivors of Capt. Lovewell's bloody fight with the formidable Paugus. The Quaker poet Whittier<sup>1</sup> in his interesting account of the Londonderry "rustic poet," Robert Dinsmoor, gives a graphic description of these people. They seemed to combine (he says) "the austere Presbyterianism of John Knox with something of the Milesian wit, humor and jovialty of old Ireland. They were nevertheless an industrious, shrewd, and thriving community." They introduced the culture of flax and the potato, the little-wheel and the manufacture of linens. They soon had good dwellings, a commodious meeting house, schools, fine farms and orchards, and accumulated wealth around them. By 1775, Londonderry ranked second only to Portsmouth in population. They were a substantial, cheerful, and sociable sort of folks, were not afraid of cider, nor indeed of a little whiskey upon occasion. The Puritans said of them that they "held as fast to their *pint* of doctrine as to their *pint* of rum." They soon had possession of the fisheries at Amoskeag Falls, where they found plenty of shad and salmon, and (according to the poetical Mr. William Stark)—

"It was often said that their only care,  
And their only wish, and their only prayer,  
For the present world and the world to come,  
Was a string of eels and a jug of rum."

They were apt to be ready at a stand-up fight: when an impertinent fellow replied to the Rev. James McGregor that "Nothing saved him but his cloth," he immediately threw off his coat and squared himself for action, saying, "It shall not protect you, sir;" whereupon the other thought best to retreat. They were not slow at the French and Indian wars, as the names of Goffe, Gregg, Moore, Todd, Stark, Cunningham and Wilson, may bear witness.

They were fond of public gatherings, social parties, fiddling and dancing, and the eloquence of town meetings. They had retained the old market-fair, where all sorts of persons annually congregated, gentlemen and beggars, horse-jockies, peddlers, wrestlers, gay young farmers and buxom lasses, in riotous merry-making—"a sort of Protestant carnival (thinks Whittier) relaxing the grimness of Puritanism for leagues around."

This little colony of ours had planted itself on the very frontier of these French and Indian wars (1744-1763), and of course they had to be as skillful with their muskets as with their axes or their scythes. The earlier accounts are somewhat meagre, but records show that in 1750, the proprietors voted to send 10 lbs. of powder, and 20 lbs of lead, and in 1754, one  $\frac{1}{2}$  bbl. of powder, 100 lbs. of lead, and 200 flints to Alexander Scott for the use of the settlers,

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(1) *Prose Works*, Boston 1889, Vol. II. p. 251.

and before 1760, the town had sent thirty-two men to these wars. Of the eight men enlisted in "Rodger's Rangers," six fell at once in an Indian ambush near Lake George. Fourteen lost their lives in this service—"a great number (remarks Dr. Smith) for so small and weak a settlement."<sup>1</sup>

The first small meeting house was built on the hill in 1752; but of the earliest society or its ministers, of the first schools, or of the mode of conducting civil business, no records remain. They probably managed their affairs in the way that suited them best. It was much the same with another portion of this same emigration that went to Pennsylvania and settled in the western part of Chester Co., and in the Cumberland Valley, from 1720 to 1750, of whose first congregations no records were preserved. Simple headstones without name or inscription marked the graves of most of them.<sup>2</sup> A few tottering stones in the little cemetery on the hill record the memory of most (not all) of those who first died in this town. There is something pathetic as well as quaint in the earlier votings of the incorporated town (1760-1766):—"to send to Pennsylvane for a gospel minister, and if any come he shall be treated like a gentleman";—"to lay the floor of the meeting house, and build plank seats, and glaze the windows";—"to communionate the Rev. Mr. Morrow to send us a minister from Ireland, a Calvinist of the Presbyterian Constitution, a preacher of the word and not a reader", promising £45 salary and "a good new beaver hat, if he will accept it";—"to empower Hugh Wilson to go to Philadelphia, or anywhere else on this continent" for a minister; and again "that Wm. Robbe have liberty to build a seat for himself at the left hand of the pulpit, and that he may sit in it as long as he pleases." This Wm. Robbe was no doubt a good man. He was a seventh son, and cured the King's Evil *gratis*, by his mere touch and the gift of a small coin tied around the neck of the sufferers, who went their way rejoicing. It may remind us of the good King Duncan, as described by Shakespeare:—

"A most miraculous work in this good king!  
 \*                    \*                    \*                    How he solicits Heaven,  
 Himself but knows; but strangely-visited people,  
 All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures:  
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
 Put on with holy prayers."

Some still believed in ghosts and witches, and of course the devil. Even as late as when John Murray began to preach universal salvation, a pious elderly lady declared he ought to be arrested, for that "it was a shame that any vagabond should be allowed to go about preaching that there was na devil." Old black Baker

(1) Smith's *History of Peterborough*, Boston, 1876, p. 145, 350.

(2) Nevin's *Churches of the Valley* (Cumberland), Philadelphia, 1852, p. 191.

saw him once in person at a fork of the road, with horns and cloven feet, spitting fire, and offering him a book to read, but he dodged away on the other track, and ran for his life. Under the conditions of this early time, we need not much wonder that when the admission of a new member to the Church was in question, and objection was raised that he made too free use of the bottle, "Well," said a grave elder, "if the Lord maun hae a church in Peterborough, he maun ee'n take such as there be."

But we are not to make too large an inference from such anecdotes. These men belonged, in the old country, neither to the higher gentry, nor to the lower sort of people, but to the middle class of substantial farmers and tradesmen. Some of them had considerable education, most of them had property, and were men of good ability and strong character. They possessed the energy, the faith and cheerful nature that could make life endurable under the hardships and privations of their actual situation on the frontiers of civilized society. They had brought with them the manners, customs, and habits of the Scotland and Ireland of the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth century. I need not repeat examples of their quaint humor and queer stories, nor of their free use of ardent spirits on all public occasions, house-raising, trainings, dancing parties, weddings and funerals, whereof you have doubtless already heard enough; you may find them paralleled in the descriptions of the Scottish poet, Robert Ferguson, or of John Ramsay of Ochtertyre, in the poems of Burns, or in the more recent "Reminiscences of Scottish Life," by Dr. E. B. Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh.

At this early period, the roads ran along the higher plateaus, and over the highest hills; not one ran along the rivers. The main road came down from the East Mountain Pass by Cunningham's Pond to the "Street" (so called) at Wilson's Tavern; at a later date, a branch ran northward along the base of the ridge by Capt. Samuel Cunningham's and thence down to the "Street" at Gordon's Corner. The meeting house, at first a rough series of additions, was built on the highest hill near the centre of the town, and was replaced at a later day by a huge barnlike edifice (not finished until 1784), without steeple or tower, without paint, and without fire to warm it in the coldest winter; like Dante in the 14th century, they had to keep warm by imagining an extreme contrast of opposites. From this slightly elevation, the later white steeples of Hancock (Jaffrey, until 1823, had none) and of course Dublin, situated in a pass of the western ridge, just under the lofty peak of the Grand Monadnoc (which had to be abandoned in the winter), were distinctly visible. It was said of the Rev. Mr. Sprague of Dublin that when he came to that point in his sermon which spoke of faith moving mountains, he stopped short, and looking a moment at the Monadnoc, added a doubt whether the



scripture could apply to that mountain. When a bass viol was first introduced here to help out the singing, Matthew Templeton, good pious soul, bolted straight home, declaring it was no better than worshipping Dagon, but when he went down to Greenfield, and found that they had a *goon* there (which Dr. Smith supposes to have been a bassoon), he turned back home and gave it up. A pagoda-like sounding board hung over the pulpit from the high ceiling above by a twisted iron rod; that it did not break and fall on the minister's head, undoubtedly had the good effect of inspiring the young with an unflinching trust in Providence. Of the sage assemblies of old and young under the beech trees at noon time, at which all human affairs were ably discussed by the wiser heads, you have doubtless heard already; and it is curious to read in John Ramsay<sup>1</sup> that not long before his day, it was the custom in the Highlands on a Sunday (or when there was no sermon) for the people to assemble in their best clothes on the sunny side of a hill, from the chief men to their humblest followers, to talk over their traditions and genealogies, which memory preserved with a precision not inferior to that of the Jews of old; the older men communicating to the rising generation the wisdom and knowledge which they had acquired or received from their fathers.

Scarcely less primitive were the conditions here, at these early dates. In 1754, the proprietors voted "that the Rev. Mr. Harvey should have a gun for his use as long as he was an inhabitant." Probably no man was safe then without a gun near at hand. They had only occasional preachers before 1766, when the Rev. John Morison (who came from Scotland, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh in 1765) became the first settled minister. He was to have 100 acres of land if he continued seven years, and was dismissed in 1772. He is said to have been a man of learning and ability, but he seems not to have given entire satisfaction to his people, being charged at last with the "gravest immoralities." He joined the army at Cambridge, and went over to the British in Boston, after the battle of Bunker Hill, and died in Charlestown, S. C., in 1782.

The next settled minister was the Rev. David Annan. He came from Scotland (under the auspices of his older brother Robert) at the age of eighteen,<sup>2</sup> finished his education at Rutgers' College, New Jersey, and was ordained at Wallkill for the ministry at Peterborough, in 1778; but he had preached here before that date. In that year, Wm. Smith, Samuel Moore, Wm. McNee, and Samuel Mitchell, were consecrated elders by the Rev. Robert Annan, then of the Federal Street Church in Boston, where he was the successor of the Rev. John Morehead already mentioned; and he was suc-

(1) *Scotland and Scotsmen of the 18th Century*, London, 1888, Vol. II, p. 407.

(2) I have in my possession a copy of John Mair's Latin and English Sallust, Edinb., 1756, in which his name is written of the date of 1769, when he was fifteen years old.

ceeded there, in 1786, by the Rev. Dr. Jeremy Belknap, the historian of New Hampshire, whose doctrine closely verged on Unitarianism; and his successor there was the celebrated Dr. Channing.

Upon his settlement, he received 100 acres of wild land in the Gridley tract on the old road to Dublin and £65 salary; and in 1781, the town voted to "clear, seed, and fence ten acres of land" for their minister. It appears that about seven years later, some trouble about "seeding with rye and grass and fencing" was settled by compromise; and at length there began to be complaint about his "administration of the gospel," and he was dismissed at his own request in 1792. After preaching a few years at Chester, he was finally deposed from the ministry by the Presbytery of Londonderry, in 1800. In the next year he visited Scotland, and died in Ireland in 1802, but exactly where or under what circumstances, his family in this country seem never to have known. A growing habit of intemperance destroyed the usefulness of his later years. In the hands of a later owner, the old farm-house has given place to the modern residence in which Mr. Levi Cross now lives. He is said to have been a man of good attainments, of more than common endowments, and a ready speaker, stern and austere, but easily pleased, and if opposed, haughty and overbearing. Many stories are told of him, which I need not repeat. One tradition says that he made a fiddle with his jackknife, and would sit with his bible open before him and his inspiring glass standing by, and (as we may suppose), for want of better music in his soul, would play tunes for the children to dance. While preaching at Chester, his good parishioners were not a little shocked when they heard of his saying that "he had prayed over one bed of onions and fiddled over another, to see which would fare the best":—<sup>1</sup> the result of the experiment was not reported.

The Rev. Elijah Dunbar, a native of Canton, Mass., but of Scotch descent, and a graduate of Harvard College in 1794, was ordained his successor, Oct. 23d, 1799; and with the coming in of the present century, a new era began for both town and church—for the industrial, educational, social, and religious amelioration of the people.

This Scotch-Irish emigration had come, originally, in some part from the Highlands, but in greater part from the Lowland counties, and they were mostly of Anglo-Saxon, Danish, or old Norse derivation. They had colonized the six counties of Ulster in the time of James I. They or their ancestors had suffered the utmost severities of war and oppression in that dreadful period of English history, extending from the days of Cromwell to the union of the kingdoms under Queen Anne, in which calamity fell heaviest on Scotland and Ireland. Within it occurred the serious troubles with the Catholics in Ireland, the terrible persecutions of the Cam-

C (1) Chase's *History of Old Chester*, Auburn, N. H., 1869, pp. 159, 330.

eronian Presbyterians in Scotland under Charles II., in which the people were driven from their churches, and peaceful meetings were hunted out of the fields and woods with fire and sword, and good men were ruthlessly slain because they would not be converted to the English Church; the merciless war, devastation and famine under James II., from the seige of Londonderry to the battle of the Boyne; and the vindictive massacre of men, women and children at Glencoe in 1692, and other intolerable grievances even under the Protestant King William.

From 1690 to 1773, there was a continual emigration of these people to the American colonies; great numbers of them took refuge in Pennsylvania under Wm. Penn's liberal promise of cheap land and freedom of conscience. The names of many of those who settled in Chester County, and in the Cumberland valley, from 1720 to 1750, strikingly duplicate the New Hampshire names that came from the same counties in Ireland at the same dates. I have found among them the familiar names of Allison, Blair, Caldwell, Cunningham, Davidson, Hamill, Holmes, Hopkins, Hunter, McClary, McFarland, Miller, Mitchell, Moore, Morison, Ritchie, Robbe, Scott, Smith, Steele, Stuart, Swan, Taggart, Templeton, Todd, Turner, Wallace, Watts, Wilson and White, with a like repetition of Christian names for many of them.<sup>1</sup> As early as 1736, they began to settle in the Cumberland Valley west of the Susquehannah, and soon reached the western counties on the Ohio, and thence entered the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, and even down to Abingdon, west of the Alleghanies. Others coming by way of Charlestown, S. C., settled the upland valleys and plains of the Yadkin and Catawba in the two Carolinas. They threaded the passes of the Alleghanies, and established themselves on the Watauga and the Holston, head waters of the Tennessee, almost beyond the reach of any civil government but their own. They peopled the rich valley of the Cumberland in Tennessee, and followed Daniel Boone into the plains of Kentucky. This Indian frontier became the scene of the daring exploits of the heroic James Robertson, John Sevier, Evan and Isaac Shelby, Wm. and Arthur Campbell, Andrew Moore, Robert Patterson, Benjamin Logan, McGee, McGarry, McConnell, John Todd and Geo. Rogers Clarke, and many more, as we may read in the pathetic histories of those woeful times of the extension of the United Colonies to the Mississippi River.

After the peace of 1763, still more "Heart of Oak" Presbyterians from the same counties in Ireland streamed into the Middle and Southern Provinces; other grievances were now added to the previous sufferings, and especially in Antrim County, where, upon the expiration of leases, rents were raised beyond their endurance. They struck for a fee-simple title and absolute ownership in the

(1) Futhey and Cope's *History of Chester Co., Pa.*, Philadelphia, 1881, pp. 150-187; Nevins's *Churches of the Valley (Cumberland)*, Philadelphia, 1852.

soil on which they were to live and labor, and for a land where conscience, too, was free. In Pennsylvania they soon balanced the influence of the Quakers. In the Carolinas they formed a larger part of the valiant forces that under the lead of Campbell, Shelby, Marion, Sumter, and Gates, cleared the southern colonies of the British and their Royalist adherents, in the first years of the Revolution, fighting with a courage and patriotic devotion that have seldom been surpassed, and have made "King's Mountain" memorable in history. The pitiable afflictions of these frontier settlements, during the French and Indian wars, prior to the Revolution, were scarcely exceeded by the like barbarities of the British and Indians that compelled Gen. Washington and his small armies, and also these frontier settlers, to fight the British dominion and power, both in the civilized front and in the savage rear from Canada to Georgia, and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi.<sup>1</sup>

In North Carolina, seven Presbyterian ministers, headed by the Rev. Alex. Craighead, with their people, were among the brave men that, in May, 1775, adopted at Charlotte the famous Mecklenburg Declaration that was (as it were) the prototype of the American Declaration of Independence. "Indeed," (says Bancroft) "the first public voice that was raised for total independence of the British crown and Parliament came, not from the Puritans of New England, nor from the Dutch of New York, nor from the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians."<sup>2</sup> Not that these others were less steady, or not even foremost in the cause of liberty, but that these Scotch-Irish settlers had had a more recent and a sharper experience (or a more vivid memory) of the bitter wrongs and oppressions they or their fathers before them had suffered in the land of their origin, and were the more determined (if possible) to have freedom, right, and justice in America. John Sullivan of Durham, the chastiser of the hostile Iroquois, descended from the chiefs of the O'Sullivans of the south of Ireland, was a leader of the "Sons of Liberty" that stormed the British fort at Portsmouth, in Dec. 1774, and captured the powder and lead that helped to fill the horns and pouches of the "minute men" of New Hampshire that stood by the fence at Bunker Hill under Col. John Stark of the Londonderry colony from the north of Ireland; and as early as the 23d of May, 1775, an official letter of the New Hampshire Convention of Delegates urged upon the Continental Congress the policy of declaring a total independence of Great Britain.<sup>3</sup>

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(1) Doddridge's *Notes and Indian Wars*, Albany, 1876; Shaler's *Kentucky*, Boston, 1885; Phelan's *History of Tennessee*, Boston, 1888; Roosevelt's *Winning of the West*, vol. II., New York, 1889.

(2) *History of the United States*, vol. V. 64-77, vol. VII. 169, 370-373, Boston, 1852.

(3) McClintock's *History of N. H.*, p. 376.

When the Revolution began, the town of Peterborough, having scarcely more than 500 inhabitants, was among the first to be wide awake in freedom's cause. As many as sixty men were sent to join the forces at Cambridge. Thirty-two enlisted in the regiment that was raised in this vicinity by that Major Samuel Gregg who had stood on the heights of Abraham under General Wolfe in 1759, and they marched with all speed, day and night, arriving only one day too late for the battle at Bunker Hill; but a considerable number of Peterborough men were there to share in the honor of the day. Capt. Wm. Scott's company, was certainly there, one-half of it attached to the regiment of Col. James Reed of Rindge, and the other to that of Col. John Stark; and Lieut. James Taggart, Randall McAlister, Geo. McLeod, Thomas Green, David Scott, and John Graham were wounded, and Capt. Scott himself wounded and taken prisoner<sup>1</sup>; and it is a well authenticated fact that he laid on the ground there all the "frosty night" of the 17th of June. Capt. John Taggart was also there, serving as a Lieut. under Capt. Isaac Farwell, and on the retreat stopped with his men to take a drink from their canteens and then said, "Now boys, let us trust in God, and take another run." He died July 7th, 1777, probably killed at the evacuation of Ticonderoga on that day.<sup>2</sup> It is authentically related also that Major Robert Wilson (who had fought under Wolfe at Quebec) on hearing news of the intended march of the British from Boston, started on the instant with his company, and had reached Groton when he heard the result of the battles of the 19th of April. These were minute men, but (as tradition says) a rather motley set of soldiers,—not so bad as that ragged regiment with which Sir John Fallstaff would not march through Coventry,—but some had heavy old Queen's arms, some light French fusees, some pitchforks, some shilalahs, and Tom McCoy took his flail, declaring he would thrash the British if he could get near enough,—like Spenser's hero, Talus,—

"a man of iron mould,  
Who in his hand an iron flail did hold,  
Wherewith he thresh'd out falsehood, and did truth unfold."

The story of Captain William Scott is quite famous. After escaping from the British at Halifax, he joined the army at Fort Washington, and barely escaped being a prisoner again by swimming the Hudson river. He was wounded again at Saratoga, gallantly rescued a drowning family in the harbor of New York, and was in Rhode Island under Sullivan, serving with his two sons through the war.

(1) McClintock's *History of New Hampshire*, Boston, 1888, pp. 334, 335; Smith's *History of Peterborough*, p. 157.

(2) Kidder's *Hist. of the 1st N. H. Regiment*, Albany, 1868, p. 129.

Capt. Samuel Cunningham, one of the two that escaped the Indian massacre near Lake George, and one of those that rallied for Lexington in 1775, commanded a company at Bennington under Stark, and finding himself in another ambushade of Indians and Tories there, he called out in a loud voice, "Bring up 500 men on their flank!" Whereupon, Tories, Indians and all, took to their heels, leaving arms and baggage behind. Here it was that the young Jeremiah Smith (who was with Capt. Cunningham as his servant) had the honor of being wounded. Major Robert Wilson was also in the battle, and was sent to Boston in charge of some 600 Hessian prisoners.

Col. Andrew Todd, the famous French and Indian fighter of Londonderry (who resided in this town in his latter days), said to his grandsons, about starting for Bennington, "Never turn your backs on the enemies of your country." John Todd, Senior, of this town (who was one of them), himself full six feet tall, is reported to have said when he got home that he had met Hessians there (more probably Brunswickers) "seven feet high!"

Not many men were required from this town in the war of 1812; but twenty-three answered a call for the defense of Portsmouth; and Peterborough had the honor of furnishing one of the most brilliant and efficient officers of that war in the person of Gen. James Miller.

On the late war in defense of the national flag, and on the part taken in it by this town, there is less need that I should dwell upon this occasion, since the memory of it must be still fresh in your minds. I find it recorded that this town furnished as many as 209 men to the 2d, 6th, 13th and other N. H. regiments during that terrible conflict. No one who reads of the losses of these regiments in killed and wounded in the many battles in which they were engaged will doubt, and I may safely say it is certain, that this latest generation had not forgotten nor lost sight of the glorious examples of courage and devotion that had been left them by their ancestors and forerunners. The Soldiers' Monument, erected by the people to the memory of their townsmen who fell, or lost their lives in the service, records forty-five names, and among them four commissioned officers, Capt. Gustavus A. Forbush, Lieut. Timothy K. Ames, Lieut. Charles L. Fuller, and Lieut. John M. Dodd, and also two women, Sophia, wife of Lieut. Col. Charles Scott, and Katie, wife of Capt. John A. Cummings; for the other sex was not wanting in sympathy and help even at the seat of war:—a generous tribute to the patriotic men and women who sacrificed their lives to the cause of freedom, and for the good of the nation! May it be an example, and an inspiration, to the latest generation that shall come after us. In no nobler cause could they have fallen than that of maintaining and perpetuating the most just, the most truly free, and on the whole the best gov-

ernment the world has seen; a government which is grounded, and only can be grounded, on the intelligence, patriotism and self-sacrificing devotion of the people who made it, or were born under it, or were sworn to adopt it, and alone can uphold it, if it is to stand firm on its own foundations of right, law and liberty, and of which the prime and supreme object is to establish, secure, and defend the just civil rights and liberties of all who live under it, in due line of order, degree, and authentic place in the whole civil frame and social organization of the republic.

Those that returned from the war were nearly as five to one. How many of them still survive as worthy citizens of the town, I have no means of knowing exactly. Some few of them I know and take pleasure in alluding to that far descended Scotch-Irish line of Scotts, which produced (in Lieut. Col. Charles Scott) a worthy representative of his martial ancestors, both in respect of his military service in the late war, and of the important civil positions he has held (one of them being that of High Sheriff of the County for eighteen years), since the war; and also to that branch of the large family of Whites, which was descended from Patrick White, who had three sons in the revolutionary war, and found a fitting representative in that young scion, who came out of the cavalry service with a lieutenant's commission, and has since risen to high distinctions for military skill as a Brigadier General of the New Hampshire militia, and now holds a respectable rank in the legal profession of his native town and county (Gen. D. M. White), and is at present a U. S. consul in Canada.

The Scotch-Irish settlers brought with them the culture of flax and the little-wheel. Linens and woolens had been manufactured in the north of Ireland for three centuries or more; but in 1699, certain French Huguenots, headed by Louis Crommlin, the inventor of the little-wheel, introduced that valuable instrument, "the music of which for a century and a half was the glory of the small farmer's inglenook." The new Londonderry soon became noted far and wide for its linens, and by the legislative act of March 7th, 1731, the busy town was authorized to stamp its goods with a seal, having the words *Londonderry, N. H.* engraved upon it, to mark the superiority of their manufacture. This was the first trademark I have read of in the history of American law. John Hopkins purchased a large tract of land for a web of linen cloth. Madam Miller, wife of Dea. Samuel, made the linens that paid for the farms of her four sons in this town. The domestic manufacture of linens and woolens prevailed almost universally throughout the century. When the patriotic town of Boston was resisting British taxation in America, at a certain anniversary of the "Society for the Promotion of Domestic Manufactures," three hundred women with their little-wheels sat in a tripple row on Boston Common, busily spinning the flax. In the early days, men were still

the weavers; but the women, too, took an interest in the welfare of their country and of their husbands, for they were not merely "spinsters," but spinners and weavers both in nearly every farmhouse in the land.

The Hon. Samuel Smith, son of Wm. Smith, Esq., may be said to have been the founder of this village, and the pioneer of its manufacturing industries. As early as 1793, he began to erect a series of all sorts of mills on the site of the present Phoenix factory. In 1808-9 was built the first factory for spinning cotton, called the "Old Bell" because it had a bell, and in 1809-10, the "Old South" became the second, and the "Old North" followed in 1813. The stockholders were nearly all citizens or sons of the town, and among them were the names Ferguson, Field, Holmes, Miller, Morison, Robbe, Scott, Smith, Steele and Wilson. In 1812, Samuel Smith put cotton-spinning into one end of his long series of mills, and in 1823, the other end was replaced by a large brick cotton-mill for both spinning and weaving, called the "Phoenix," and it was put in operation by his son, Samuel G. Smith. One cold morning in December, 1828, I saw two miles off a column of smoke ascending straight up into the clear sky, and ran all the way to the village to witness the burning of the great Phoenix factory:—a disaster that greatly impaired the fortunes of its principal owners; but other capitalists coming in, another Phoenix presently arose from its ashes, and was placed under the superintendence of John H. Steele, and subsequently of Frederick (and then of Jonas) Livingston, and under the direction of Mr. Wm. Ames, it still flourishes with wings spread as ever before.

Among the capitalists who have built up and sustained the three largest cotton mills of this town from that day to this, is properly to be named here that able and enterprising merchant of Boston, the late Isaac Parker, head of the old and wealthy firm of Parker, Blanchard, Wilder & Co., son of the Hon. Abel Parker of Jaffrey, and brother of Judges Asa and Edmund Parker, and of that learned jurist, Chief Justice Joel Parker of this State, a remarkable family of sons, born just over the Jaffrey line near the southwest corner of Peterborough, or, (as he said in his interesting letter read at the last centennial), "born, as it were, upon the borders of the town, and familiar with its brooks and rivers before factories were hardly thought of." He began his busy life when a boy with setting card teeth at home for Mr. Snow of Peterborough.

I once asked my father where he learned to build machinery. "Why, nowhere," said he, "a man that can turn a spindle and make a little-wheel can build a whole cotton factory." His father was a little-wheel maker as well as farmer, and his father before him had been a Londonderry weaver and farmer. While he and his elder brother, Nathaniel Holmes, Jr., were building the machinery of the South Factory, there came one day to the shop a



young man from Salisbury, N. C., seeking employment, and he was taken in. His father had emigrated to that place from the north of Ireland, and died leaving his son a poor orphan boy. He had heard of the Yankee town from Nathaniel Morison while engaged for a time in the making of carriages in that State, and who had employed and befriended him. This was John H. Steele. He became an expert machinist, and built the first looms of the "Old Bell" factory, which were set running in May, 1818. This was the first cotton-factory but one (that of Benj. Prichard at New Ipswich in 1803), and these were the first power looms built in the State of New Hampshire. He had great difficulties to overcome. His models came from Slater's mills in Rhode Island, or possibly from Waltham, Mass. No regulator of speed had then been invented. He told the story himself that while he was puttering and contriving for three days or more to get his loom into working order, a boy standing by said to his little sister, "What is Mr. Steele doing there?" "Why?" she asked. "Because," said the boy, "it sometimes looks like cloth and sometimes like harness." His friend John Smith, Esq., had said to him, "Steele, Steele, you booby, why don't you try." Nathaniel Holmes, Jr., built the machinery of the first cotton mill at East Jaffrey, with Artemas Lawrence, then the Avery cotton-mill at Meredith Bridge (now Laconia), and then another of his own at Sanbornton Bridge (now Tilton). Samuel Holmes, with his younger brothers Enos and John, built a cotton-factory for spinning and weaving and a machine shop at Springfield, Vt., in 1822-23, and a newer mill on the same water power still makes satinet warps under the direction of Henry B. Holmes, a grandson of John. I scarcely need add that John H. Steele built the first Union cotton-mill in West Peterborough, in which he was an owner, and for many years the prosperous superintendent; and he became an influential citizen in the town affairs, and was a representative in the legislature, a councillor, and twice the governor of the State. In his later days, he lived a near neighbor to my father in the village, and they often sat together, talking over the events of their earlier days, and discussing the politics of the nation. They belonged to the old Jeffersonian school of political ideas, and found it difficult to reconcile themselves to the fearful catastrophe of civil war, until an inevitable necessity had forced it upon them, and they lived to see the constitution preserved.

The first looms of the Phoenix factory were built under the direction of John and Robert Annan, sons of the Rev. David Annan, in 1822; and the machinery of the Union cotton-mill No. 2, was built under the supervision of Josiah S. Morison, a grandson of Dea. Robert Morison, and a skillful machinist; and it was put in operation under the superintendence of Frederick Livingston, in 1858. The two Livingstons, Frederick born in Townsend,

Mass., and Jonas, born in Sharon (once a part of "Peterborough Slip"), sons of William and Elizabeth (Saunders) Livingston (who came over, the one directly from Scotland, and the other from the north of Ireland), were endowed by nature with ability, insight and prudence, were educated here in all mechanical skill, persevering industry, and a wise economy of business, and may be said to have been fit and worthy successors of Samuel Smith and John H. Steele in the management and development of the manufacturing interests and financial prosperity of the town in common with their own. The stately form of Frederick Livingston, sound in body and mind at the green old age of 88 years, is still visible among us, if not exactly the last tree in the deluge of time, yet the compeer of the earlier men who have departed, and an example to the younger who are still coming on.

There were and still are other active and able men in these industries, not to be overlooked, though I can but name some few of them: these were (after Nathaniel Morison, sometime proprietor of the South factory, who died while yet a young man), Stephen Felt, who put looms into the North factory in 1823, and was for some years also proprietor of the South factory, and his son, Granville P. Felt, for many years (and until fire and other calamity overtook him) an extensive builder of machinery of all kinds; then there was the old "Eagle" factory of Daniel Abbot, Thomas Baker, and Joseph and Abisha Tubbs (now replaced by another), and their successors, Moore & Colby, or William Moore, for many years a prosperous builder of machinery and a substantial citizen; the several saw and grist mills from that of Jonathan Morison in 1751, of Benj. Chamberlain, Asa Davis, Abraham Holmes and others, down to the large new flouring mill of Walbridge & Taylor; and then the paper makers, the Smiths, A. P. Morrison, and the Cheneys; the woolen mills of Wm. Powers, Thomas Wilson, and Henry F. Cogswell and his successors, the Noones, father and sons, extensive manufacturers of woolens down to this time; the peg mill of Mark Wilder, for some time a large business in small things, and now the big shoe factory of Mr. C. A. Coffin, or I hardly know whom:—factories of all sorts, cards, baskets, piano stools, hair dyes, and finally Brennan's marbles that the memories of the dead may be fitly recorded:—and indeed if I were to include all the mercantile and professional avocations, saying nothing of the agricultural, a greater variety than I could enumerate, unless the sun were to stand still for a while.

The old "South" has disappeared from the face of the earth, gone up in fire, and no phoenix to rise from its ashes. The old "North" has lost its ancient cunning, but has gained a new one, and now sends out thermometers and barometers all over the country under the magic hand of Charles Wilder, son of Mark. The old "Bell" has survived its function of spinning and weaving,

its great water power having been converted to the transforming of wood into paper, and the last thing I heard of it was that when it became known that its enterprising owner was going to make water pails out of paper, some great Western Trust Company gobbled up the whole concern, and shut down its gates.

The days of domestic manufactures seem to have departed. Even at the last centennial, several speakers (complimenting the ladies), warned them to beware of flatterers and imitate the virtues of their mothers, if not of their grandmothers, who had few luxuries, did their own work, and heard little other music than that of the wheel or loom, but were (said Gen. John Steele, marshal of the day), honest, wise and virtuous, and if they ever indulged in a song, it was sure to be the old "Battle of the Boyne." We are not to imagine, however, that there were no sports or pleasures in those days; for it was also said that when the minister chided the young men and women for dancing together, the elderly Mrs. Gordon (one of the strictest Presbyterian sect) rather snappishly remarked, "Let the minister take his dram out of his own bottle, play his own fiddle, and leave the young people to their innocent amusements." Samuel Appleton, a native of New Ipswich and a wealthy merchant-manufacturer of Boston, sent in his toast to the ladies: that whereas "the matrons of the olden time, as in the days of King Solomon, laid their hands to the spindle and distaff, spun and wove by their own firesides, and clothed themselves and families in homespun, now, their granddaughters, merely watching the spinning-jenny, and the loom, clothe themselves in silks, and fare sumptuously every day." I am afraid, however, that the ladies of our time may suspect that all the truth lies in the first proposition, and all the poetry in the last. When I look at these great cotton-mills, I am reminded of the pictures of royal palaces in the midst of ornamental grounds and gardens; they look very well on the outside. Sure enough, the domestic wheels are gone. Dr. Smith thus sang his sad requiem over them: "Little-wheel and great-wheel, wheel-head and wheel-pin, distaff, quills and quill-wheel, hatchel, swifts, and clock-reel, cards, spools, and warping-bars, reeds, harness, loom—all, all have long since gone to the attic, or banishment from all our households; the buzz of the little-wheel, the whirr of the great-wheel, and the constant click of the loom are heard no more." True enough—and perhaps the sewing-machine will go next; but what has become of them? Why they are all hived up into these same royal palaces aforesaid, to be whirled by water, by steam, or by electric power. Does anyone ask how then are people to live? Live! Why, bless your soul, you are to live on nectar and ambrosia, like the gods and goddesses of the golden age, and dress in robes of celestial moonshine.

By the end of the first century considerable changes had taken place. When the men of the second and third generations had

come upon the stage, knowledge and book learning were more diffused. Newspapers and new ideas were afloat in the air. The leaders of the congregation were becoming wiser than their ministers. Congregationalists of Puritan descent had become more numerous, and a new era came in with the new century and the settlement of the Rev. Elijah Dunbar, a Congregationalist; but a large part of the people still preferred the Presbyterian forms. The difficulties were not easily to be reconciled, but a satisfactory arrangement was made that the Presbyterians should have the Lord's supper administered after their own manner, one Sunday in each year, and the Rev. Dr. Wm. Morison of the Londonderry Presbytery officiated in this until his death in 1818. It was objected by some that Mr. Dunbar was an Arminian. The Rev. Mr. Sprague of Dublin assisted at his ordination. Several leading men of the congregation waited on him to know what they should do with this Mr. Dunbar. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. Sprague. "Why," said they, "he preaches nothing but works, works, works." "Oh, is that all," said he of Dublin, "then you will never be hurt, for no people need such preaching more than you of Peterborough." When the church in Nashua proposed to settle the Rev. Elias Smith, in 1757, many objected and said, "he is not of our persuasion, but favors the Arminian scheme, which (as we judge) tends to pervert the gospels and darken the counsels of God." In half a century more much progress had been made. In 1820, Mr. Dunbar, with his deacons Smith and Holmes as delegates, took part in the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Leonard, a Unitarian, at Dublin as the successor of Mr. Sprague who had been more of a Unitarian than a Calvinist.<sup>1</sup> By the year 1825 the Town-Church in Peterborough came to an end. The old meeting house on the hill had become dilapidated, untenantable, and soon disappeared altogether. The people were separated into two societies: one built a new Presbyterian Church at Gordon's Corner, which continued some years under the ministry of the Rev. Peter Holt, the other built the fine Unitarian church in the village. Like variances seem to have continued in the Presbyterian section; their connection with the Londonderry Presbytery soon came to an end; they took on the more convenient Congregational form, and built a new church in the village, in 1839; and finally all practical differences seem to have been accommodated in the new organization of the "Union Evangelical Church," which has now a large congregation. Under whatever changes, the society has continued to have an important and beneficial influence on the moral, social and religious culture of the people. In the language of the Rev. George Dustan, who was for twenty-five years its able and faithful pastor, I may say, "This people builded better than they

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(1) *Hist. of Dublin*, Boston, 1855, p. 181.

knew; and the result has proved that Scotch-Irish temperament and heart, thoroughly annealed by prayer and consecrated common sense, is good material for a church, \* \* and rarely has a church no larger than this had so many and so judicious men and women in christian alliance, \* \* and kept abreast of the liberal aim of the times."<sup>1</sup> The Presbyterian Synod, stretching over a whole state, appears to have been less adapted to the civil and social organization of the towns of New England, but it still prevails extensively in the South and West where no such towns exist.

The Rev. Mr. Dunbar continued his useful labors for twenty-seven years. He was a man of large stature and dignified presence, and his sonorous voice easily filled the large house. In his later time, it began to be seriously felt again among the wiser heads that under the pressing difficulties of various kinds that had beset the course of his own excellent life he had fallen behind the knowledge, learning and advancing ideas of the growing time; and in 1827, the Rev. Abiel Abbot was ordained his successor in the newly organized "Congregational Unitarian Society."

The Rev. Dr. Abbot was a man of superior learning, ability and character, a graduate of Harvard College in 1787, and his valuable instruction was entirely acceptable to his people for the twenty-one years of service he was able to render them, before his advancing age compelled him to retire in 1848; and he was followed by a succession of able and worthy men, for an account of whom I must leave you to Dr. Smith's "History" and your own recollection. The society celebrated its semi-centennial year in 1876, at which the discourse was delivered by the Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston. Dr. Abbot seems to have held a high rank among the Unitarian clergy of his day. In his latest years (and he died in 1859 at the venerable age of 93), he resided with his grandson, the Rev. Samuel Abbot Smith of West Cambridge, Mass., who united in his name and in himself the two lines of Smith and Abbot, and was a worthy representative of so notable an ancestry; a man of fine genius and generous nature, whose life was cut off by a too early death in his zealous devotion to the health and comfort of the citizen soldiers at the seat of war in Virginia.

Other religious societies began to be formed as early as 1824, for an account of which and their beneficial influence in their several spheres I must refer you to history and your own memories,—Methodist, Baptist, and finally Catholic; for even the Catholics have also come among you, glad to enjoy the blessings of freedom of opinion, conscience, and worship, in peaceful community with all the rest, under a government which secures to all alike a just and equal liberty under the general law of the land, and willing (I trust) to participate in the benefits of that general system of com-

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(1) Historical Address, Peterborough, 1888.

mon schools, open and free to all, and maintained at the public expense, the object of which is, was, and should be, to teach all children alike to read, write and cipher, or those prime elements of the intelligence and knowledge which must lie at the foundation of all free and just government,—that common school system, which is older than the National Constitution, and which has been growing into the customs and laws of the several States for two centuries and a half, and goes back for its inception almost to the very first Colonial origins.

Common schools have existed in this town ever since its incorporation. They have grown to the number of eleven districts, and within the memory of those now living, if not now, they were well filled with boys and girls anywhere from five to twenty-one years of age. The school system was reorganized by the Legislature in 1827, and there is now a State Superintendent of Public Schools. As the population gravitates toward the central valleys, the schools must needs follow, and if they do not increase in breadth, they may grow in volume and height. An Academy for higher branches was founded on voluntary gifts in 1836, which seems not to have found an adequate patronage; but in 1871, a High School, more nearly answering the needs of the immediate community, was established by the town, and is open to all of sufficient qualification. It has a fine new building on a slightly elevation.

As early as 1811, some small libraries of limited use began to be collected, and in 1833, a public library was founded by the town, to be maintained out of the town treasury, and be open and free to all. It has received considerable additions from time to time from private contributions of the citizens, or from the liberal donations of sons of Peterborough, who have gone forth to other towns and states, and have not forgotten their native place. This library has the credit of having been the first of the kind to be established in all the United States. It numbers at present about 5000 volumes; and now, surely, there can no longer be excuse for ministers or people, if they do not keep up with the knowledge, science, literature and progress of the age.

Of the long roll of professional men which such a people and such institutions could produce, or could maintain, whether natives or strangers, it might be superfluous, if it were possible, for me to undertake an adequate account. Dr. Smith enumerates them all down to his time.<sup>1</sup> I can only allude to some of them as I have occasion. I may remark, however, of the physicians, that it appears that

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(1) The lawyers now in practice are Ezra M. Smith, Daniel M. White, Riley B. Hatch, Frank G. Clarke, and James F. Brennan.

Physicians now in practice: Drs. John H. Cutler, Willard D. Chase. C. J. Allen, F. A. Hodgdon (Homeopathic), and Cyrus H. Hayward (Dentist).

Clergymen: Rev. W. H. Walbridge, Unitarian; Rev. J. H. Hoffman, Evangelical; Rev. James A. Francis, Baptist; Rev. P. L. McEvoy of Jaffrey, Catholic; and Rev. Dana Cotton, Methodist.

nearly all of those who were natives to this town have gone elsewhere to practice their profession, while nearly all who have practiced here for any length of time have come from other places. I can hardly except Dr. Albert Smith, who first went abroad, but soon returned to practice here all the rest of his life. Nor can I omit to mention our venerable fellow citizen, Dr. Daniel B. Cutter, a descendant of one branch of the numerous family of Jaffrey Cutters, a graduate of Dartmouth college, in 1833, M. D. at Yale in 1835, who came to this town in 1837, and has diligently and faithfully practiced his profession here all his life long with the respect and good will of the people; and if he were not the first, he seems likely not to be the last among you. In 1881, Dr. Cutter published his interesting "History of the Town of Jaffrey."

The composition of the people changes in more senses than one. It was estimated by Dr. Smith that not much more than one-sixth of the inhabitants were direct descendants of the early settlers. He gave a list of thirty-seven influential families of the century before he wrote, in which not a single descendant, bearing the name, remained in the town, and of forty more in which but few of the name still remained here; and he mentioned fifteen of the original settlers on wild land, whose descendants of the name still occupied the farms of their forefathers. And all this was doubtless so far true. I have found as many as twenty descendants still living on farms that were occupied by their ancestors more than a half century ago, three of them with a change of name.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Smith also observed that in looking over the active business men of the town, they seemed to be all new: he does not say they were all entire strangers. No doubt some of them were, and perhaps still more are now; but we must bear in mind that farms have become more and more a merchantable commodity, and that the mere names in the tax list are not a very certain test of continuance; for we all know very well that one side of every house always shows a kind proclivity towards a change of name. It is certain that if you take the known descendants (wherever they are) of the older families, and trace them back for three or four generations, you will find them to be nearly all cousins in some degree. If you take in all the principal families (excepting only very recent comers), whether originally of Scotch-Irish, English Puritan, or other descent, you may find, perhaps, that the continual intermarriages widen out in the descending stream and commixture of life until the branching lines are nearly all linked together, and names and distinctions become greatly modified, or are wholly lost, in the one whole body corporate and politic that continues to live on as before. This is only a particular instance of

(1) These names were Adams, Barber, Brackett, Diamond, Dunbar, Field (John and William), Hunt, Leathers, Longley, McCoy, Moore, Morison, Hadley (Wm. and Isaac), Robbe, Templeton, Treadwell, Washburn and Wilson.

that constant process that has been going on throughout the country for two centuries or more of the rapid interweaving of the various threads of kindred race and stock, of capacity, talent, genius, into the more refined texture and complex web of a new American people.

Nevertheless, I will endeavor to trace some brief summary of the chief families, earlier or later, and I will begin with the settlers from Londonderry:

And first, the MORISONS were descendants here of that John Morison, whose father John died at the new Londonderry in 1736, and who stood with his father's family under the walls of old Londonderry at the famous siege, died here in 1776, at the age of 98, and may very well be styled the patriarch of the town. They were an important family here for several generations. If but few of them now remain, more may be found in other states. Five of them, still partly resident among you, I may just mention, the late Prof. Horace Morison, for many years an eminent instructor at Baltimore, who died here in 1870, and whose family retain at this day the homestead of his ancestor; Geo. S. Morison, Esq., the distinguished civil engineer, and his brother, the Rev. Robert S., both landholders in the town; Nathaniel Holmes Morison, LL.D., Provost of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore, for many years a successful educator of young ladies in that city, also a land owner, and a liberal benefactor of the schools and library of his native place; and the Rev. Dr. John Hopkins Morison, the eloquent orator of the last Centennial Celebration, whose rare genius, extensive learning, and great excellence of character, have gained him distinction wherever he has wandered, doing honor to himself, his lineage, and the place of his birth. May his eighty years of well-spent life long rest easy on his venerable head. In the line of Nathaniel and Mary (Hopkins) Morison, son of Dea. Robert and Elizabeth (Holmes) Morison, there have been eleven graduates of Harvard College, and as many as eleven students at Phillips Exeter Academy.

Next the RITCHIES, descendants of that earliest pioneer, William Ritchie, whose son John, the first male child born in this town, gave his life to his country's service at Cambridge, in 1776, a respectable family of farmers here for several generations. The Rev. William Ritchie, a grandson of the elder William, was a speaker at the last centennial, and died in 1842. Five of his grandsons lost their lives in the late war, Henry being killed in battle in 1864. The old elms that fifty years ago hung over the red house of the Ritchies now stand around its ruined cellar on the present farm of Mr. Geo. S. Morison, one of the first spots cleared in the town.

Then the STEELES, descendants of Thomas and Martha (Morison) Steele of Londonderry, and of their son, Capt. David Steele



of this town, have furnished a long succession of substantial farmers, manufacturers and teachers, two major generals of militia, and as many as six lawyers of distinction to as many towns in the State, down to the late Stephen P. Steele, a trusted counsellor, who held high civil positions in the town affairs. Jonathan Steele, a son of Capt. David, was an eminent lawyer of Durham, student, partner, and son-in-law of Maj. Gen. John Sullivan, and a judge of the supreme court of the State. Jonathan Steele of Epsom, a son of Thomas of this town, was also an able and eloquent advocate, and the compeer at the bar of Geo. Sullivan and Ezekiel Webster, whose eloquence (when he was himself), said Chief Justice Smith, "was beyond any music I ever heard." But few, if any of the name, remain here; how many representatives in the several lines of descent there may be living elsewhere is more than I can tell. The line of the Hon. John H. Steele is represented by his son George, in Wisconsin, by his son Charles in Ohio, and by his grandson, John H. Steele, the present town clerk.

The GREGGS, too, were an influential family, descendants here of the famous Major Samuel Gregg of the revolutionary time, who had fought under Gen. Wolfe at Quebec, and of his brother, Lieut. John Gregg; and they are not yet extinct, though none of the name remain in this town. In another branch of the original family was that English Admiral Gregg who was recommended by his government to the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, and whose grandson, Lieut. Gen. Gregg, held high rank in the Russian service as late as 1872, and still felt an interest in the American branch of the family.<sup>1</sup> They derive their name from the McGregors of Loch Lomond. Col. William Gregg of Londonderry was also a distinguished officer of the revolution. Major Samuel was an industrious and prudent man, and when not engaged in the service made little-wheels, raised flax for the women to spin, and was (said his grandson, the late Samuel Gregg of Boston) "a great economist, from whose well-loaded table no man ever went away hungry." He was a grandson of Capt. James Gregg, one of the first sixteen settlers of Londonderry, a chief man there, who had a special grant of land for a mill. The old mill may still be seen at the east end of the bridge over Beaver Brook in the lower village of Derry. He was the founder of a numerous family in this and other States. Catharine Gregg of Londonderry (I think) was the mother of Gen. James Miller. Representatives are still to be found, on one side or the other of the house. Mr. Washington P. Gregg (son of Samuel of Boston), a lawyer by profession, was for 45 years or more the faithful clerk of the city council there, and now lives at East Milton, active and bright, though well up towards 90, and has in his possession the

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(1) Letter of E. H. Derby, Esq., of Boston, who met him at St. Petersburg in that year.

family bible and the official sword of Major Samuel Gregg, his great grandfather.

The MITCHELLS, descended from Dea. Samuel Mitchell, the first town clerk, and a pillar of the church, continued to be substantial farmers in this town within the memory of some now living. If the name has disappeared from the town lists, it is still represented in other places. His son, Benjamin, was present at the last centennial as one of the three survivors of the eighty-three citizens who signed the "Association Test," in 1776. Stephen Mitchell, Esq., his son, was an eminent lawyer of Durham, and was selected to address Lafayette in 1825. Another son, Dr. Frederick A. Mitchell, was a distinguished physician at Chester, and died in 1869, at the age of 80.

Of the MILLERS, there were two branches, both from Londonderry, one descended from Dea. Samuel Miller, who purchased, in 1780, the four hundred acres of land for his four sons, Matthew, James, William, and John, that were paid for by the linens spun and woven by Madam Miller. They have been a numerous and influential family down to a late day. Of this line were Gen. James Miller (son of James), the distinguished officer of the war of 1812 (for an adequate account of whom I must refer you to Dr. Smith and other historians), and his brother Hugh, for many years selectman and representative; the late Dea. Samuel (son of Hugh), of the Unitarian congregation; and Mark Miller (son of Andrew), a noted horticultural editor in Iowa, and his brother, Dr. Luke Miller, an eminent surgeon of Minnesota. No one of this branch remains here, unless I may name Miss Martha Wilder, a granddaughter of Jane (Miller) Templeton (a sister of Gen. James Miller), who resides on the old homestead of Matthew Templeton, her great grandfather. In the line of the other Samuel, a respectable family of farmers here for several generations, there are two representatives, one of them being John R. Miller, Esq., president of the day, who has been in successive years a journalist, druggist, postmaster, justice of the peace, and (I think I may add) a very useful citizen in general.

The ALLISONS, descendants of Samuel and Catharine (Steele). Allison of the first sixteen settlers of Londonderry, were represented in this town by John Allison, his great grandson (and son of Samuel 3d of Dunbarton), and in the families of Daniel Abbot and Dea. Nathaniel Holmes, who married daughters of Samuel 2d, of Londonderry. John Allison was for many years the overseer of the "Old Bell," factory. The name has disappeared from this town, but is still represented by his son, John P. Allison, Esq., a thriving lawyer of Sioux City, Iowa. Daniel Abbot, who worked as a carpenter on the old meetinghouse when a boy, was for many years a cotton manufacturer and a trader here, and died at Westford, Mass., at the age of 84; his wife died in New York City in

1837. Representatives still survive in the families of his son Daniel (I think), of the late John Scott of Detroit, and of Jefferson Fletcher, formerly a trader here. And here I may add the name of Samuel Allison Holmes son of Samuel of this town, and a great grandson of that Capt. Samuel Allison 2d, who was one of Capt. Mitchell's "Londonderry Troopers" in the Indian wars, and was keeper (with John Bell) of the Londonderry powder in 1775. He was 1st Lieut. and Adjt. of Lieut. Col. Easton's St. Louis battalion in the Mexican war, and served all through the late war as Colonel of two successive Missouri regiments, commanded a brigade in Gen. Grant's campaign against Vicksburg, and was present with his regiment at the battles of Franklin and Nashville under Gen. Thomas.

The MOORES, descendants here of the brothers Samuel and William, sons of that John Moore of Londonderry who was born on the night of the massacre of Glencoe, in which John, his father, was killed, and his mother, two sisters and himself barely escaped with their lives, have been a respectable family in this town from an early period down to this day, and they are still creditably represented both here and in other States, especially New York, Illinois, and Michigan.

Dea. Samuel Moore married, in 1751, Margaret, daughter of John and Margaret (Wallace) Morison, a sister of Elizabeth, who married William Smith, Esq., of this town at about the same time; since it is said that they were attending her wedding, and liked the idea so well that they immediately mounted horse and rode to a justice of the peace at Chester, and were joined at once without further ceremony. He came to this town with Samuel Todd, in that year, and bought land on Windy Row, and settled first on what has since been called the "Spring place," and later on the farm known as the "Mitchell place." He was the first representative of the town at Exeter in 1775, and held important town offices until the end of the Revolution. He owned two slaves, named Baker and Rose, and sold Baker his freedom, but never received any pay, and provided in his will that his son Ebenezer should support Rose as long as she lived. I have found that several of the Moore families of Londonderry and Bedford owned slaves at that early period.

The brother, William Moore, married Janet, daughter of Nathaniel and Elizabeth (Moore) Holmes of Londonderry, and settled in this town about 1763. He had seen service in the French and Indian wars, was a Lieut. of militia, and a warm patriot in the revolution; she was a noted spinner and weaver of both linens and woolens, and a patriot also, if all accounts be correct. In this line were the late Dea. Nathaniel and his sons, John of South Carolina, William and Dea. Nathaniel H. of this town, George Washington and Thomas of Michigan, and William A. Moore,

Esq., a lawyer of Detroit and a grandson of the elder William. In the name of Dea. Nathaniel Holmes Moore was thus united a double line of Moores interwoven with the Holmes line, his great grandmother Holmes having been a daughter of another John and Janet Moore, who came over to Londonderry from Antrim County, Ireland, about the year 1724, and were the parents also of Col. Robert of Londonderry, and Col. Daniel of Bedford, both colonels of N. H. regiments of militia in the revolutionary service. They are said to have suffered great hardships on the passage over, and she was called *Jenny Flavel* because she was a "great reader" of the Puritan Flavel's Works. No doubt she was a very pious woman, but probably not quite so fierce as that *Jenny Geddes* that hurled her stool at Laud's *Tulchan* Bishop's head,—“Wilt thou say mass at my lug, then.” Col. Daniel Moore (who was a captain under Stark at Bunker Hill) served all through the revolution, his regiment being at Saratoga under Gates, and in Rhode Island under Sullivan. As many as four of his great grandsons served in the late war, two of them in Gen. Sykes' regulars, both captives in the Libby prison, where one of them died, and the other being exchanged served to the end of the war, but with health greatly impaired for the rest of his life, and he died at the soldier's home in Maine, in 1886. The memory of Henry Moore, son of Dea. Nathaniel H., is recorded on the soldiers' monument in this town. James N. Moore, son of Thomas, served in the late war, and Capt. William C. Moore, son of George W., was wounded and captured in the first Bull Run battle, and was nearly starved in Libby prison before he was exchanged and made a captain; and he served with distinction to the end of the war, but unfortunately lost his life, soon afterward, in crossing a swollen river on the western plains. You all know how well our venerable fellow-citizen here (who still occupies the early homestead of his family) has exemplified through his long life the virtues, the patriotism and the faith of his ancestors, who believed (nearly all of them) in the language of their day and generation in “the resurrection of the body by the mighty power of God.”

The HOLMESES were represented here in two branches, probably of the same stem: one that of Abraham Holmes, son of John and grandson of Abraham, a first grantee of Londonderry, whose great grandson, Mr. Thomas Holmes, now occupies the homestead of his ancestor there; the other was that of Dea. Nathaniel of this town, a son of Nathaniel of Londonderry, who came over from Coleraine, Ireland, in 1740, with his father (Nathaniel of Coleraine), who went on to Pennsylvania with his three minor sons. He settled in this town in 1784, but he had been here before that date. Tradition says that he went to Cambridge in 1775 at sixteen as servant to Lieut. Henry Ferguson, and he enlisted (with his older brother Jonathan) in Capt. Finley's Londonderry company for Benning-

ton in 1777. The name has disappeared from the town lists, but is numerously represented in this and other States, and especially in New York and Michigan. There have been soldiers, farmers, machinists, manufacturers, merchants, and professional men among them. Other descendants of Nathaniel of Coleraine were wealthy families at Carlisle, Pa., still represented in that State, New Jersey, New York, Tennessee, and Missouri; and descendants of Robert Holmes, the youngest son of Nathaniel of Londonderry (who lived with his brother here when a young man), now reside in New York, Missouri, and California, and at Elmgrove, the homestead of their ancestor, on the fertile banks of the Elkhorn (Scott Co., Ky.), and at other places in the chosen land of Daniel Boon. Jonathan, youngest son of Dea. Nathaniel, succeeded to the home farm which he sold to the town for a Poor farm, in 1837. The price (\$3,850) was paid out of the town's share in the distribution of surplus revenue in the administration of General Jackson. He removed to Bronson, Mich., and died there in 1884, leaving a widow, two sons and two daughters, and a large estate. She was a granddaughter of Ensign John Taggart of Dublin, who served at Bunker Hill,<sup>1</sup> and was born in this town, a son of John, the early settler. The old house has been burned down, the old wheel-shop is gone; some barns remain, but of the two or three orchards that once filled a whole cellar with barrels and hogsheads of cider only a few scattered, half-dead trees survive; but the better part of the farm in the hands of Ezra M. Smith, Esq., still shows green fields and fat cattle. In the line of Abraham was the late Prof. Stephen R. Holmes, a graduate of Harvard College in 1822, son of David of Amherst; in the other line, on one side or the other of the house, there have been eight college men, five at Dartmouth and three at Harvard, and at least six at Phillips Exeter Academy.

The family of GEORGE SENTER, a trader at the South Village, and sometime a mail-contractor, who married a daughter of Gen. John Steele, is represented by his son John of Eagle River, and his daughter, Mrs. Antoinette Mandlebaum of Detroit.

The SMILEYS began here with Dr. David Smiley, who came from Haverhill, Mass., in 1760, a revolutionary soldier, a doctor, and a Baptist preacher,—not exactly a jack of all trades, but a kind of master of all arts,—first a shoemaker, then a soldier, then a farmer, then studied medicine, and then (nobody knows where) theology; and, like the Rev. Dr. Doddridge on the Pennsylvania frontier, he preached and practised all his life long with good effect on his patients, and only since the last Centennial laid down all earthly functions at the venerable age of 95. He is still represented here by Mrs. John G. Leonard, a daughter of that ingenious watch-maker and very useful citizen, the late Mr. David Smiley.

MATTHEW WALLACE, for many years of the early time, was mod-

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(1) *Hist. of Dublin*, Boston, 1855.

erator, town clerk, selectman, tithingman, and representative, and owned the "Samuel Morison Place" prior to 1789. His first wife was (I think) a daughter of Matthew Wright of Londonderry, and his second was Margaret, daughter of Capt. Thomas Morison. He removed long ago to Vermont, where he died. His son Jonathan was a Universalist minister at Potsdam, N. Y. The Wallaces were an important family of Londonderry, three of whom married daughters of Col. Robert Moore, and were noted men of Henniker. They were descendants of Thomas and Mary (Wilson) Wallace, that very notable lady who in her day was called "Ocean Mary," because she was born at sea on board of a pirate ship which had captured the vessel on which her parents were emigrants in 1720; but the pirate captain, having a wife and children of his own at home, had some touch of humanity left in him, and set them all free, and sent them on their voyage with rich presents to the happy mother and child.<sup>1</sup>

The DAVISONS (or DAVIDSONS), descendants of Dea. Thomas Davidson who settled in the southwest part of the town in 1755, have disappeared from the lists. When he married Miss Anna Wright, daughter of Matthew Wright of Londonderry, in 1757, she is said to have borrowed from Mrs. Elizabeth Holmes her large wooden bowl that was carved out of a huge oak knot, and held near a half bushel, for the barley broth that was served in the orchard at her wedding. It came from Antrim Co., Ireland (and still survives), and was supposed by the elder ladies to be two hundred years old, and to have been used perhaps by some Highland clan for

"The wholesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food."

But further this deponent saith not;—perhaps, after all, it came

"From old King Coul  
Who had a brown bowl,  
And was a jolly old soul."

Nothing said about the whiskey. He died in 1813 at 86; she died in 1823 at 88. I remember attending her funeral at the old mansion of the Davisons one cold day in January when the snow was three or four feet deep. There were no ardent spirits there then, I think, but would not be very certain. Their son Charles married Abigail, sister of Asa Evans, and lived on the "Davison (or Frost) place" near the village. Their daughter Mary married Major Jotham Hoar, whose daughter Sally (widow of Nathaniel Holmes, Jr., and of William Moore of Michigan) died in 1887, being within ten days of 100 years of age. Their son William, who married his cousin Jane, daughter of Matthew Wright of Jaffrey, succeeded to the farm, and died at the age of 70. I never knew of his being a hard drinker, but two or three of his sons certainly were, as also their uncle Matthew Wright, if all accounts are true; and it was said of him that he was a man of ability, but an

(1) Cogswell's *Hist. of Henniker*, 1830.

infidel (which I suppose meant something very bad in those days), and further (what was no doubt true) that on his death-bed he sent his son down to New Ipswich for a big jug of rum, "that a' the poor divils at his funeral might have enough." John Ramsay of Ochertyre mentions a gentleman of Menteith, who, in giving directions for his funeral, added, "For God's sake, John, give them a' a hearty drink." It was an old saying that a Scot's funeral was merrier than his wedding. And Dr. E. B. Ramsay tells of an old maiden lady of Strathspey, who sent for her nephew, and said to him, "Willy, I'm deeing, and as ye'll hae charge of a' I leave, mind now, that as meikle whiskey be drunk at my funeral as there was at my baptism." These old cusotms have happily passed away. Until near the end of the first century, the boys worked at home till twenty one. At the Davison's as elsewhere one might see the skins of fox, mink, musquash, and rarely an otter, nailed up to dry, and the meadow brooks were fished, sometimes at night with pine torches and spear, a sort of trident or "three-taed leister" as Burns called it. Now, I suppose we should have to go to the Great West to find either the boys or the fishing and hunting. The old mansion of the Davisons is gone, but the farm is still productive in the industrious hands of Mr. William Moore. Some few representatives still survive, I think, in other places. William's son John, a machinist and a very respectable man, resided (when last I heard of him) with his family at Holyoke, Mass.

JOHN TODD, Senior, a grandson of the famous Col. Andrew Todd who married Beatrix, one of the daughters of that John Moore that was killed at Glencoe, and lived in this town in his latter days with their daughter (Mrs. William Miller), was a son of Samuel, the pioneer settler whose camp provisions the Indians stole (but did not find those he had buried in the woods), and who was killed at last by the falling of a tree. This John was present at the surrender of Burgoyne. When a young man, he lived with the Hon. John Bell of Londonderry. His first wife was Rachel, daughter of George and Mary (Bell) Duncan, and his second was Sarah, widow of the Rev. David Annan. He was a Scotch Presbyterian of the old style, a man of the kindest feeling and most benevolent nature. He lived to nearly 90, and always had prayers in his family, at which he would read and sing, line by line, one of David's Psalms: what the tune was I would not undertake to say,—

"Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,  
Or plaintive Martin's, worthy of the name,  
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,  
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays,—"

but what I do remember is, that at the end of each line, his loud voice would take a sudden twist upward to the highest note in the scale, ending in a kind of screech. The young people could hardly help laughing, if they had dared to laugh; my sister Elizabeth said that she was frightened rather, and indeed, it was more like

an Indian warwhoop than any musical cadence. His son, Dea. John Todd, Jr., some years resident here, will be remembered as an Elder in the Presbyterian church, a member of the legislature, and a good man of the type of his ancestors, and I learn from a letter (lately received from him) that he reads without spectacles, feels well, sleeps well, and writes well; and in which he says he would be glad to be here on this occasion, and will always feel proud of his native place, but never expects to go far from home again. He is still living in his 90th year at Wiscoy, N. Y. When I saw him last, nearly twenty years ago, so like he was that I almost thought I saw his father's ghost revisiting "the glimpses of the moon." There are some younger representatives still living: Samuel J. Todd, Esq., a son of Daniel of Preble, N. Y., is a distinguished lawyer of Beloit, Wisconsin.

The ANNANS, descendants of the Rev. David Annan, whose father, Robert (and his eldest son John), held lands of the Earl of Leven at Ceres near Cupar of Fife, Scotland, have not continued here within the last half century, but they are still numerous in other places. His sons, John and Robert, and Robert's son John, and John's sons Robert G. and David L., were master-machinists at Franklin, Lowell, Manchester and Lawrence. William Henry Annan, a son of John, (now of Boston) was a roving sailor in his younger days, but came home to join the navy in the late war, and his brother, Capt. Frank Annan, served in the army. Two sons of David L. of Lawrence are civil engineers at Kansas City, the younger (David) being a graduate of Dartmouth College, in 1885.

And now I come to the Lunenburgers: there have been many of equal and some of still greater note among them.

And first, the SMITHS, descendants of Robert and his two sons, John and William, first emigrants, who came to this town about the year 1751 to 1757. It has been a notable family in this and other states, for the most part enterprising men and leading citizens, whether as farmers, manufacturers, merchants, magistrates, or professional men, supporters of schools, churches, private interests and the public good. John, the elder brother (who married Mary Harkness of Lunenburg), had a large farm on the west side of the Contoocook, where he died in 1801, at the age of 86; she died in 1822 at 87. I remember seeing her but a year or two before her death, sitting in the corner at the Smith mansion (where Mr. Ellsworth now lives), quietly smoking her pipe. Of their five sons, I can only mention that Robert studied medicine, and practised at Bristol, Vt., and that William succeeded to the farm where he lived nearly all his life, a respectable farmer and worthy man, and died at the age of 96. Of the eight daughters, I will only take time to say that Elizabeth married John White of the "White Place," the father of the late Robert White, Sarah mar-



ried first the Rev. David Annan, and second, John Todd, Senior, Margaret married Thomas Fletcher of New Ipswich, and Nancy, her first cousin, Dea. Jonathan Smith. Of William's sons, John and Dexter settled in Michigan, and James, the youngest, a graduate of Yale College in 1840, began to practise law in New Orleans, and died much lamented in 1847, a young man full of learning, of zealous ambition and flattering hopes, thus early cut off by an insidious lung disease.

Among the descendants of William and Elizabeth (Morison) Smith, himself a chief man and magistrate of the earlier time, whose large farm was situated on the plateau to the east of the Contoocook valley, there were numerous and able representatives on whom it will be unnecessary for me to dwell, since the particular history of Dr. Albert Smith, his grandson, has given a full and excellent account of them. Of Dr. Albert Smith himself, (who died in 1878 in his 77th year), I scarcely need add, that he was a son of the Hon. Samuel Smith and a graduate of Dartmouth College in 1825, M. D. in 1833, and LL. D. in 1870, and practised medicine in this town nearly all his life, being also a distinguished medical professor at Dartmouth, and was a good citizen in every way, to whom we are all much indebted for his valuable "History of the Town of Peterborough."

One earlier offshoot of this original stem, it would be inexcusable in me to pass over in silence, though a man so illustrious as to be presumably well enough known to all here present, the Hon. Jeremiah Smith. Nor could I add much to the well written life of him by the Rev. Dr. Morison, who knew all about him; but I may say that besides being an influential member of congress in the administration of Washington, and chief justice and governor of the State, he was a man of superior mind and genius, a good classical scholar, a learned jurist, and an honorable citizen. In his later years he was a trustee and treasurer of Phillips Exeter Academy, and his portrait now hangs in the academic hall there among the worthies of that institution. I remember seeing himself there (when I was a student), a rather tall person of genial presence, with his large library around him, his hair as white (and his conscience no doubt as pure) as the driven snow, and there was a certain humorous twinkle in his clear gray eye, an hereditary sparkle (I imagine) of the wit and humor of the Scotch-Irish race from which he sprung. Said Daniel Webster, "when Jeremiah Smith became chief justice, it was a day of the gladsome light of jurisprudence." Again, Mr. Webster said that "he was perhaps the best talker" he had been acquainted with, "full of knowledge of books and men, had a great deal of wit and humor, and abhorred silence as an intolerable state of existence." But one son survived him, the Hon. Jeremiah Smith of Dover, a worthy representative

of his ancestral line, also distinguished for his learning and ability as a justice of the supreme court of New Hampshire.

James and William H. Smith, sons of John Smith, Esq., of this town, and grandsons of the elder William, were prosperous merchants at St. Louis. James Smith gave over a quarter of a million dollars to the benefit of Washington University at St. Louis, and made a liberal donation to the library of his native town. William Eliot Smith, son of William H., and for some years a scholarly horticulturalist, is now proprietor of an extensive "Glass Works," at Alton, Ill.; and his excellent father is still active and alert at over 80 years of age, and his mother is still living and bright also, the only surviving child of the Hon. Samuel Smith.

The family of HUGH WILSON, an influential first settler, disappeared from this town at an early date. The other WILSONS were descendents of that Major Robert Wilson who stood on the Heights of Abraham under Gen. Wolfe in 1759, and marched those 600 Hessians from Bennington to Boston in 1777. He was a stout and valiant man, over six feet in height, industrious and prudent in business affairs, and acquired considerable property. Madam Wilson seems to have been a woman worthy of such a husband; she spun the lineus and made the butter that helped to send her son James through Harvard College to become one of the most eminent lawyers in the State, and her son John also to become another in the State of Maine. Gen. James Wilson of Keene, son of James, was an eloquent advocate and public orator, an active and useful man, and a brilliant Major General of militia. He made an interesting speech at the last centennial here, and died in 1881 at the age of 84. His greatest oratorical effort, perhaps, was that delivered at Keene, in 1861, to arouse his fellow citizens to the duty of saving the national government from destruction. But few of the name remain in this town, but there are other representatives still living, and especially on the female side of the house, where they still exhibit much of the character and genius of their ancestors.

The STUARTS, descended from that William Stuart who was the first man buried on the hill, were a numerous and respectable family in the earlier times. None of the name now reside here, though there are representatives elsewhere and in other names. The family of Charles Stuart, a son of William, was connected with the Fergusons, Moores, Carters, Evanses, and Turners. There were three eminent lawyers of the name: Charles Jesse of Lancaster, John of Groton, Mass., and Charles of New York City, a son of John and a graduate of Harvard College in 1830. A daughter of Charles J. Stuart lives in Cambridge, the wife of Prof. Francis Bowen of Harvard University. Sarah Stuart (a daughter of John), the late Mrs. Berry of Washington, D. C., was a lady of marked character, genius, and romantic adventure in her day. The "Charles Stuart Place" embraced the present farms of M. L. Mor-

ri son and John O. Nay, which are still productive, and the large square mansion of the Stuarts (in the hands of Mr. Morrison), looks brighter than in the olden time.

Of the SCOTTS there were two branches: one descended from that William Scott, Senior, who was one of the earliest pioneers; the other from Alexander Scott and his son, the famous Major William, who settled here in 1749. Of the first line were the late John Scott of Detroit, and his brother, the late James Scott of this town, who was an able man, and held high civil positions, political and financial, and was so well known among you that I need say no more that he was, as also the other, a worthy representative of this substantial portion of the Scott family. His widow and daughter are living representatives also of that notable family of Wilsons. In the other branch, descendants from that Alexander Scott who had charge of the powder, lead and flints of the early settlers, I have already alluded to the military characters, but scarcely less remarkable for wisdom and prudence in civil affairs and business were the Hon. John Scott and his son William, and his sons, the late Hon. Albert S. Scott, Kendall, Charles, Henry, and John of the "Peterborough Transcript."

There were two branches of the WHITES, also, both descendants of the first emigrant, John White: one was that of his son Patrick, born in Ireland in 1710, an educated man who brought some property with him, and was the ancestor of the eastern (or Pond) Whites. Three of his sons, John, William, and David, were soldiers in the revolution; their descendants, besides being substantial farmers and worthy citizens, have furnished the town with martial music and martial men down to this day. John White, the brother of Patrick, was born in Lunenburg, was the grandfather of the late Robert White, and began the "White Place" so called, where Mr. N. H. Morison now resides. Joseph Addison White, a son of Robert, and a graduate of Harvard College in 1840, was a teacher in Pennsylvania, and died young; but three of his sisters have intelligent and prosperous families of the names of Spofford and Cunningham at Rockford, Ill.

The ROBBES, who were noted Indian fighters in the earlier days, and patriots in the revolution, have been respectable farmers and good citizens to this day. Samuel Robbe, who was at Saratoga in 1777, and married a daughter of the famous Major William Scott, is still well represented by his son, Mr. Stephen D. Robbe, on the old homestead of his ancestor; but the old one story house of the first century has given place to an elegant mansion of two stories in this first half of the second; and there are other representatives of this quite numerous family either at home here or abroad.

The names Alld, Cunningham, Ferguson, Gordon, and Swan have disappeared from the town lists, but scions of the stock, and

and some of the name still survive both here and in other places. Mr. James Swan of Illinois is here to-day. The famous Capt. Samuel Cunningham is still represented by the families of Samuel, Newton, and Franklin Cunningham of Rockford, Ill., and by his granddaughters, Mrs. Augustus Fuller and Miss Catherine Miller Caldwell of this town, and by others in Massachusetts, and in Belfast, Me., which was founded by a company from Londonderry.

Of the NAYS, descended from Dea. William McNee, one of the earliest pioneers, there have been eight or nine generations of influential citizens. If they are not so very numerous here now, it is certain that Dr. Smith reckoned up 1114 of them, not long ago, and I fear it would "dizzy the arithmetic of memory" if I were to undertake to count them all at this time, here and elsewhere, and especially if I were to include both sides of the house, but I may just mention Mr. Marshall Nay, son of Major Samuel, Josiah, son of William, and John O., son of George, not omitting his intelligent wife Caroline, daughter of Samuel McCoy, who still lives in the village, hale and hearty at 77, a grandson of that Gilbert of Sharon who came directly from old Scotland.

If but few of the respectable family of LITTLES still subsist here in their proper name, they are certainly numerous in the progeny of Mr. Jesse C. Little, an Elder in the kingdom of Salt Lake.

The Rev. ELIJAH DUNBAR (who was of Scotch descent) has living representatives in the families of some of his sons and daughters, one of them, the blind poet Henry, who wrote a hymn for the last centennial; and the old Dunbar place is owned by one of them. Rev. Mr. Dunbar (who died at Milford in 1850, at the age of 77) was present at the last centennial; and his toast, "To the citizen soldiery," was characteristic of his race, suggesting that if a man had no sword when his country called, he should "sell his coat, and buy one."

The families of English Puritan descent have been increasing in proportion down to this time. There have been many able and worthy men among them; they have taken a full share in all the interests of the town, furnished their due quota to the civil and military service and the learned professions, and added to the roll of fame at home and abroad. In the various interweavings of all stocks and threads into one community, they have come to exercise at this day a controlling power and influence upon the credit and prosperity of the growing town. Here I can but briefly allude to some few of them:—

And first the HADLEYS, farmers and brickmakers for several successive generations from that early settler, Ebenezer Hadley, who stood with his father and brother (Samuel who fell) on Lexington Common that day when the British first fired on American liberty, have been good men and useful citizens down to the pres-

ent Isaac and William, who still occupy the homesteads of their ancestors, though the brickmaking has nearly ceased.

And also the DIAMONDS, descended from that patriotic drummer, Wm. Diamond, who drummed the martial music all the way from Lexington to the end of the revolution, some of whom still occupy the homestead of their ancestor.

Then the FIELDS, farmers, tanners, and Christian men, from that John Field and his two sons, William and Dea. John, who came from the old Puritan town of Braintree in 1786, and have been respectable citizens down to the late John Field, the wealthy leather merchant of Boston, always a substantial promoter of private morals and the public good, and a liberal benefactor of his native place; and I may add his son, Dr. Henry M. Field of Newton, and Dr. David Youngman of Boston, a worthy scion of the same stock, and also the sons of William Field, Alexander H. of Kansas, Albert of Newmarket, Henry, and Franklin who resides on the homestead of their ancestor.

And the THAYERS, also, who bring their lineage from the Pilgrim John Alden, beginning here with that Dea. Christopher Thayer, who was "out in the French war of 1757 at sixteen," and served in the revolution; a numerous family that whether here or in other places has produced many useful men, several college graduates, who were journalists and writers of distinction, down to Prof. James Bradley Thayer of the law school of Harvard University.

The EDESES of English descent, dating here from that Samuel Edes who was at Lexington, "drove the oxen at Bunker Hill," and was the founder of a large and respectable family, have produced several farmers, some teachers, one eminent physician (Dr. Hiram J. of Iowa), two distinguished lawyers (Amasa and his son Samuel H. of Newport), down to the late Isaac Edes (who occupied the old homestead) and Samuel, the third, lately a prosperous tin and stove manufacturer and representative of this town; and I need not omit his intelligent daughter Maria, relict of the late Rev. Samuel Abbot Smith of Arlington, Mass., of whose three sons, one (Abbot Edes Smith) graduated at Harvard College in 1877, and is now a lawyer in Chicago; another (George A.) is a practical chemist, and the other (Samuel H.) is a promising young lawyer in Boston.

The BARBERS were descended from Silas Barber who came to this town in 1780, and lived to the age of 96, whose slightly brick homestead is now occupied by his grandson, Gilbert; and if the large old mansion of his son John on Windy Row has dwindled to one story, and the three or four large barns are nearly gone to ruin on the thin rocky soil, its people still live and flourish in Kansas, and in the village here, at least on one side of the house of Riley B. Hatch, Esq.; and the neighboring farm, once of Samuel

and Betsey (Stuart) Turner, probably the tallest couple ever seen here, would now (I think) be called a new forest, were it not that a certain Mr. Hayward from Hancock had conceived the idea of heading off the bush by planting orchards,—as it were, fighting the devil with fire,—for it seems that apple trees will grow where any other can. But the Turners are not yet wholly extinct, as we may see in Mrs. Converse and Mrs. Goodhue, and in those live young men, Charles and Samuel W. Nichols.

And then the WHITTEMORES, beginning with that Nathaniel Whittemore, a soldier of the revolution, who came to this town in 1781, draw their line of descent through Thomas of Charlestown, Mass., (1641) all the way from the *White-meres* of Hitchin, Hertford Co., England. Three of his sons, Nathaniel, Jr., James and Bernard, were at times merchants in Boston, and they are numerously represented in this and other States,—in the law by Bernard B. of Nashua, Joseph of Detroit, and Nathaniel, Jr., of Bay City, Mich., in medicine by Dr. Israel T. Hunt of Boston, in the hotel business by Mr. J. B. McGilvray of the Maplewood and San Marco, and in the cotton manufacture by John Farwell, son of the late Nathaniel Whittemore Farwell of Boston. The old farm has nearly gone to forest again; but in a small open space (a little off the modern road) on a rising knoll where the grass is still green, there stand two magnificent old elms to mark the site of the vanished tavern house of their ancestor.

Among the JEWETTS, descendants of John Jewett, who came to this town from Westford, Mass., in 1797, there have been several notable residents and some worthy representatives abroad. His eldest son, John, was a wealthy and honorable merchant of New York City, and died there in 1867, at the age of 81. Another son, Ahimaz, married Eliza, a daughter of the Hon. John Scott, and lived and died in this town. Of their children were the well known citizens, Charles, and the late Dea. George A. Jewett of the Union Evangelical Church, described as “a good man and a Christian,” and Elizabeth (Mrs. Wm. B. Hale) and her son, the distinguished scholar, Prof. Wm. G. Hale of Cornell University, a graduate of Harvard College in 1870. The elder John’s second wife was Margaret, daughter of Dea. Samuel Moore, and their daughter Elizabeth (widow of the late Ira Felt) still resides in the village here in full possession of her faculties at the great age of 86. Her father died at nearly 85, and her mother at the age of 83. They lived, in their latter days, on what is now known as the “Frost Place,” then owned by their eldest son, John of New York. This eligible place has had a rather noticeable history. It was originally the farm of Charles and Abigail (Evans) Davidson. The old red house on the north side of the road (in which Ahimaz Jewett once lived for a time) has long since disappeared. The better modern residence on the south side of the road was built (I think)

before the farm was sold by Charles Davidson and wife to Nathaniel Holmes, Jr., in 1815; and it passed from him to Bernard Whittmore, from him to Nathaniel Whittmore, Jr., from him to David F. McGilvray, from him to John Jewett, and from him to Cyrus Frost, who came from Dublin, and is now owned by his son, Charles Albert;—an instance of the many farms that have not only changed owners, but have passed from one family to another.<sup>1</sup>

The EVANSES, beginning here with Asa Evans who came from Leominster, Mass., in 1784, were an influential family in the first century. He was a large farmer and a trader, selectman and keeper of the tavern of that day in the village. Many representatives survive in other names, if not in that of Evans, both in this town and in other places.

JAMES WALKER, Esq., who was a native of Rindge and a graduate of Dartmouth College, came to this town in 1814, and practised law here the rest of his life, and was a man of ability and integrity in the profession. His son, the late George Walker, Esq., also a graduate of Dartmouth College, and of the Harvard Law School, was an eminent lawyer of Springfield, Mass., and a political economist of some note, an agent abroad of the U. S. Treasury, in 1865, and in his later years Consul General to Paris.

Judge WILLIAM PENNIMAN, a son of Adam Penniman of this town, was a distinguished public man of Orleans County, N. Y., and died there in 1872, at the age of 79.

THOMAS PAYSON, a graduate of Harvard College in 1784, and an eminent teacher for most of his life, resided in this town in his later years, and of his large family there were some prosperous merchants, and several daughters who were well educated teachers. Miss Putnam of Boston, a relative of the family and sometime resident here, will be remembered for her amiable social qualities and her generous gift of "Putnam Grove" to the public use as a park.

Dr. JOHN MUSSEY, who came to this town in 1800, was a prominent physician and a Presbyterian of the strictest sect. He is said to have told a curious witch story that happened to his horse, but with some of Macbeth's misgivings, perhaps, as to the "metaphysical aid." The name has disappeared from the town lists, but his son, Dr. Reuben D. Mussey of Dartmouth College, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Boston, and his sons, Drs. William H. and Francis B. Mussey of Ohio, were very eminent physicians, surgeons, and medical professors.

Dr. KENDALL BRUCE, who came to this town in 1812, is still represented here by his grandsons George and Charles F., sons of Peter Bruce; and one son of Charles F. is a physician and another a clergyman in Massachusetts.

(x) Recently sold again to Prof. Wm. Caldwell, a descendant of Capt. Samuel Cunningham.

DR. JOHN YOUNG, who came to this town in 1764, was the most skillful physician the town had until his death in 1807. His charges had to be low in those days and he died poor, partly owing perhaps to his intemperate habits. At last the town voted "to take his worldly circumstances into consideration and gave him the use of two cows." His daughter, Miss Jane Young, a rather memorable person, lived here all her life in her own small house, dying in 1857 at the age of 84; and her maltese cat and her garden flowers did not long survive.

Another remarkable lady was Miss FANNY SMITH, a daughter of Dea. Robert Smith and a half-sister of Dr. Jesse Smith, the distinguished surgeon of Cincinnati, Ohio. Like Miss Young she lived by herself in her own home, was a great reader, a pious Sunday-school teacher, full of talent but somewhat eccentric, and such an ardent lover of freedom that when she died in 1858, at 78, she dedicated one side of her gravestone "To the Cause of Emancipation: may God prosper it, and all the people say, Amen."

The CARTERS came from Leominster, Mass., and were a family of considerable note in this town. David and Oliver Carter, sons of Oliver and Jenny (Stuart) Carter of "Carter's Corner," were enterprising merchants in Boston. It is said that David Carter carried the first gold (2000 ounces) from the California mines to the Philadelphia mint. Milton and Henry Carter will not soon be forgotten by the lovers of music, sacred or profane.

The AMESSES, descendants of Timothy Ames, who came from Andover, Mass., in 1793, have been an important family for several generations. His son, Timothy K. Ames, was, in the course of his long and useful life, a kind of patriarch, deputy sheriff, and auctioneer for the whole country around, moderator, selectman, Justice of the Peace, and representative, and always an active supporter of town, school, and church. The soldier's monument records the memory of his grandson, Lieut. Timothy K. Ames, son of T. Parsons Ames, and a young lawyer of promise, among the heroes of Peterborough who fell in the late war.

The Amesesses and the Carters for several generations furnished the young people with music and dancing of a superior quality. Most of them were tall men of graceful manners and nimble limbs, and could cut a pigeon-wing with the best of them. It was said of the elder Timothy that he played the violin so heartily and well that it made no difference whether he were asleep or awake. The young people, I said, not meaning to exclude all the older folks; for the story is told that Dea. Holmes who stood six feet in height and weighed over 300, and Mrs. Upton who did not weigh less than 200, could dance "Fisher's Hornpipe" to the green-bag fiddle of that notorious African that bought his freedom from Dea. Samuel Moore, and forgot to pay for it, the unforgettable "old Baker."

The UPTONS were a stalwart set of men. Thomas Upton could



lay more rods of stone wall in a day than any other man. Jacob Upton was a giant over six feet high and a great mower. He carried a wider swath than any other man could. He took not less than a full tumbler of New England rum at each drink, and then his scythe would go through the grass as if there were a two-horse power behind it. At this day (as I am told) Mr. William Moore's little girl rides on the mowing machine, and will cut two acres to Jacob's one any day, and never drink a drop. How many of them remain here I cannot tell, but some of them still flourish in other places, and I have heard of one (Mr. Eli Upton, son of Eli, the miller) whom I knew as a boy, and whose father was not rich, that he had become a wealthy farmer and stock raiser in western Illinois, with something like a thousand acres of land.

Many others of whom I could say much I must pass over; but I cannot omit the late Col. WHITCOMB FRENCH from Dublin, whose active life began in the era of mail-stages, nor his enterprising successor, Mr. HENRY K. FRENCH of the newer era of railroads, who built up the best hotel in Peterborough (now of Mr. Tucker), and are not to be forgotten among the benefactors of the town; nor indeed that other railroad man, Mr. BENJAMIN P. CHENEY, who was well known here in the day of stage-coaches, and who, though not a native nor exactly a resident, seems now bent on restoring the old homestead of the Wilsons to greater magnificence than it ever knew before. JOHN FARNUM drove the heavy teams to Boston, until railroads came; his son Joseph learned the printer's trade in the office of the "Peterborough Transcript," of which he is now the senior editor and joint proprietor.

Among the later comers, too numerous to mention, were those other CHENEYS, sons of Moses Cheney who came from Holderness, in 1835, to engage in paper-making with his brother-in-law A. P. Morrison;—the Rev. Dr. Oren B. Cheney, a graduate of Dartmouth College in 1839, a Baptist clergyman and President of Bates College at Lewiston, Me.; Charles G. Cheney, a graduate of Dartmouth in 1845, and a well-known lawyer of this town, who died a young man; Elias H. Cheney, a journalist and editor; and Person Colby Cheney, an active paper-maker, for many years a highly respected citizen here, and more recently of Manchester, who was a quartermaster in the late war, and has since been a popular governor of the State and a United States Senator; of whose merits, enterprise, and great personal worth, there is no need that I should speak further in this place.

Nor must I fail to mention his accomplished lady, a slip of that persistent White stock already alluded to; for the ladies are not to be altogether overlooked. They have, in all times, borne their share of the duties and burdens of society, and they are entitled to a full share of the honors of this occasion. Whether they spin as of old, or dress in silks without work, or are the comforters

and helpers of those who do work, and fight, and govern the country, or are the educators of those that shall come after us, or are to be poets, novelists, editors, clerks, doctors, lawyers or divines, it nevertheless remains true for all time that the finer sensibilities, the native virtues, veiled proprieties and deep-glancing wise advice of the other sex, do lie at the very heart and life of all humanity. Said a great English Lord Chancellor, "The duke is the strength, the duchess the ornament of the house."

Thus we see how the abilities, character and genius of the forefathers, whether in the family or in the whole community of families, are sure to come about in the longer or shorter circuit and perpetual round of all the trades, callings and professions, and of all the more brilliant careers, civil or military, private or public; and the whole body politic continues to whirl itself onward and upward, or be whirled by the higher powers, its head high in the air serene and its feet surely and safely travelling along the ground.

Looking over the whole half century, we may notice many changes for better or worse, but mostly for the better. Not much more than fifty years ago, Daniel Gibbs and his one-horse mail-wagon gave place to lines of mail-stages, and weekly teams did the freighting business to Boston. The larger farmers still loaded up a big sleigh or sled in winter with pork and other produce, and drove it down to Boston, returning with supplies of groceries. When I went to St. Louis, in 1839, I traveled all the way by stage, canal, and steamboat, and the first letters received from home cost me twenty five cents postage. Now, railroad trains carry mails, passengers and freight, twice a day, and letter-postage is two cents to any part of the country; and, if you like, you can go by railroad almost to the ends of the earth. The morning newspaper and the telegraph bring the daily news, or hourly messages, from the uttermost parts of the civilized world, and the telephone promises soon to enable you to talk with Boston, New York, or Washington, at your leisure. The electric light, and the electric rail-car, if not already here, are perhaps not very far off. There were no men here in the first century that would now be called rich: there are some richer men here now I suppose, but no millionaire (I think) has grown up in this town, though in these days the mania for getting enormously rich seems to be turning the whole world upside down.

The village evidently grows in numbers and extent, there is a greater variety of manufactures and trades, and four times as many shops and stores. Business is more lively, and wealth and comfort plainly increase. The place looks better than it did fifty years ago. New streets have been built up, and the old ones improved; finer houses have been erected, and the older ones put in better order; unkempt yards now show green lawns with flowers;

and tall trees shade the streets. The public buildings are larger and better, the great factories look more inviting, the schools grow higher, the libraries swell in volume, and churches multiply. If society, if morals, if religion, is not better, it is more genial, free, and general, the humanities are more regarded, the charities more thought of, and with all other blessings (it is to be hoped) there comes increase of wisdom in the sight of the Most High.

If population does not expand within, emigration expands without. New Hampshire (as Daniel Webster said in his day) is "a good state to emigrate from." If the rougher hill farms go to forest seed again, the young farmers, with vigorous wing, fly over the ridges into the richer western plains; or they slip down into the lower villages to add fresh activity to the growing enterprise and ingenuity of the place; or they rush abroad into the great cities to reinforce the commerce, the intellect, the character, and the genius of the whole country.

The smooth round hills and rolling plateaus and well watered valleys remain fresh and green as in the earlier times. If here and there an old farm house goes to decay, new and better ones are built instead; the dark weather beaten dwellings that in the first century never saw paint have nearly everywhere put on a new trim of bright colors. Sons and daughters return from the wider fields and centres of wealth and prosperity to remodel and embellish the old mansions of their ancestors into elegant summer residences, adding life to the local business, and giving tone the higher social culture. The varied and beautiful scenery of the whole mountain-rimmed basin affords ever new attraction to the stranger, and charms and delights the native resident. The Grand Monadnoc, as at the first day, towers sublime into the clear blue sky, as it were in sempiternal majesty looking down, silently, graciously, upon the smiling scenes below:—

"In his own loom's garment dressed,  
By his proper bounty blessed,  
Fast abides this constant giver,  
Pouring many a cheerful river;  
To far eyes, an ærial isle  
Unploughed, which finer spirits pile,  
Which morn and crimson evening paint,  
For bard, for lover, and for saint;  
The people's pride, the country's core,  
Inspirer, prophet, evermore."

## POEM

BY PROF. N. H. MORISON, OF BALTIMORE, MD.

*Read by Rev. J. H. Morison, D. D.*

Full fifty years of life and toil  
Have filled their circles free,  
Since our good town rejoicing  
Held its first great jubilee.

Midst joys and sorrows fitly borne,  
And hurrying to and fro,  
What changes, kind or sad, have come,  
Since fifty years ago?

Still Grand Monadnock guards the west,  
With all its ancient pride;  
And fair Contoocook to the sea  
Still rolls its joyous tide.

The Pack-Monadnocks clothe the morn,  
In radiant beauty still;  
And Nubanusit's toiling wave  
Still turns the busy mill.

The fields are still as white with corn,  
The dancing brooks as bold,  
And autumn's tints as warm and bright,  
As in the days of old.

The hills and dales, the streams and woods,  
The mountain's evening glow,  
Are all as glad and beautiful,  
As fifty years ago.

The magic charms of nature stay,  
But men will come and go;  
And many a household fire has died,  
Since fifty years ago.

The ancient mansion still is seen  
Beneath its sheltering tree;  
But where the youths and maidens fair  
That filled these homes with glee?

Alas! their names have vanished quite;  
Their home another fills;  
And fields the fathers won with toil  
The heedless stranger tills.

Gone is the mother's toiling care;  
Gone are the sons she bore;  
And gone the race from which they sprung;—  
Their place is here no more.

Some sought the city's busy mart;  
 Some trod the western wild,  
 Where one high place in power attained,  
 The nation's honored child;

And one a princely fortune gained,  
 But laid his treasures down  
 In generous gifts to learning made,  
 And to his native town.

Some sought the placer's golden hoard,  
 Some nurse the luscious vine;  
 Some plant the scented orange grove;  
 Some delve the teeming mine.

O'er prairies broad and mountains bare  
 Their homes are scattered wide,  
 From cold Alaska's snowy peaks  
 To Tampa's seething tide.

We watch with fond parental pride  
 These children's growing powers,  
 And, with the honors they have won,  
 We claim them still as ours.

New faces throng our village streets;  
 New manners too appear;  
 And, in the council of the town,  
 New voices now we hear.

And yet no discord mars the sound,  
 No jealousy the view;  
 For social ties have made as one  
 Our townsmen, old and new.

The old traditions are preserved;  
 The fathers still revered;  
 Their traits, stamped deep upon the town,  
 Have never disappeared.

We see their manly energy;  
 We see their courage bold;  
 We see their scorn of meanness vile,  
 As in the days of old.

We see their homely eloquence;  
 Their biting wit and frown,  
 To pull pretentious ignorance  
 And prating folly down.

We see their teasing mirthfulness,  
 That friend nor foe will spare;  
 Fun that the eyes alone express;  
 Their love of play that's fair.

All honor to the fathers then,  
 Who built this ship of state;  
 And honor to their worthy sons,  
 Whose labors made it great.

And honor to the citizens  
 Of this, our later day,  
 Whose hands the rudder firmly grasp,  
 To guide it on its way.

And so, when fifty years again  
 Have told their circuits round,  
 The ship shall still be sailing on,  
 With every timber sound.

In youth's fair morn, when life was new,  
 And patriot feeling strong,  
 I made for friends that loved and cheered  
 My earlier festal song.

And now, when age its frosts has spread,  
 And friends have passed away,  
 I lay this wreath of grateful verse  
 Upon their tombs to-day.

My task is done, but feelings strong  
 Within my bosom swell,  
 As, to these scenes of youth and joy,  
 I bid a last farewell.

Farewell, ye hills so fondly loved;  
 Ye waters, dark and bright;  
 Farewell, ye fields where oft I've roved:  
 My native town, good night.

Benediction by Rev. J. H. Hoffman.

During the intermission for dinner the band gave a fine concert from the band stand in Phoenix park, rendering the following selections:

MARCH, . . . "On the Right." | WALTZ, . . . . . "Fairy."  
 OVERTURE, . . . "Le Claire." | MEDLEY, "Wake up Gabriel."

## AFTERNOON.

At two o'clock promptly, the vast audience which had again assembled in the Town Hall was called to order by the President, in the following manner:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The formal exercises of this occasion, as arranged by the Executive Committee, have been concluded, and what to all of us partake of a more social greeting, are now to be held. In this afternoon gathering, I have summoned to my assistance my fellow townsman—one who like myself is native of the soil, and who has known no other home than this; one identified as a leader in the political, military and material interests which mark the progress we have developed in the last fifty years—who has presided in more deliberative assemblies than any citizen now living, and a long time custodian of the peace and dignity of the State. I have the pleasure of introducing COL. CHARLES SCOTT.

MR. PRESIDENT:—I thank you for the very flattering introduction you have given me, and did I suppose you had called me here for the purpose of making a speech, I must be dull indeed did I not find sufficient in your presentation to claim my attention. It is true that I am a native of this good old town, and have ever made it my home; that I have found here among these grand old hills a sufficient field in which to exercise what little of ability I possess, and have been deeply interested in the welfare of this my native town, have aided in its deliberations and sought to increase its growth and general prosperity, and to assist in maintaining the high standard of enterprise and moral worth inaugurated by the early settlers and fathers. How far we have been successful in our efforts let those to whom we bequeath the legacy given to us, answer. It is also true, Mr. President, that ever since a boy I have been interested in and connected with some military organization. Peterborough has ever been famous for the martial and patriotic spirit of her citizens. In the early history of the town, during the French and Indian wars, from the years 1755 to 1760, with a population of only about 400 people, she gave thirty of her best men to drive back the invaders, the French, and to protect their families and homes from the merciless savage. In the war of the revolution for independence, when the population of the town numbered less than 600 souls, 145 did service for their country, many of whom served during the entire seven years of war, and among whom were my ancestors. Do you think it strange, Mr. President, that with such an ancestry as this that the native sons of old Peterborough should early manifest a patriotic spirit and love of country, and pride in the place of their birth? Oh, no; recreant indeed would they be did they not manifest a willingness, a desire even, to maintain at whatever sacrifice, the glorious legacy so dearly purchased. In the later wars of 1812 and 1814 Peterborough took

no backward steps, but gave to the service of her country, twenty-five of her citizens, among them that famous son, Gen. James Miller, whose military record shone resplendent, and whose reputation became as wide as the world. "I'll try sir" were his words, *immortal words*. How many a student in life, how many a business man acting under the inspiration of that motto has bounded on from one obstacle to another until he has mastered the situation and gained the victory.

But let us come down a little further in the history of the town. What have we been doing in the last fifty years? If, sir, there is any one thing of which I boast for Peterborough, it is her record, the part she bore in the unfortunate struggle forced upon the country in 1861 by those who sought to dishonor our flag and break down the government established by our fathers. More than one-tenth of our population entered the army for the Union, and did valiant service for the country they loved. Many of them never returned to enjoy the homes they had helped to save. They were my schoolmates in boyhood, my companions and associates in business in later years, my comrades in the field, and by me, at least, shall never be forgotten. But Mr. President, the time allotted to us to be together is limited, and I must not prolong my remarks. I see before me many natives and former residents of Peterborough whose voices we wish to hear, and to whom the time legitimately belongs. I will now call upon the Rev. Mr. Hoffman to offer prayer.

Prayer by Rev. John H. Hoffman.

The Chairman:

And now, having partaken of the bountiful collation in the banquet hall overhead and listened to solemn prayer, let this vast audience all rise, and led by the choir, join in singing old "Peterborough"—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

All joined in singing old "Peterborough."

The Chairman:

My heart was made glad a few days since in hearing the tones of the old Academy Bell as they came floating out upon the breeze from its new home in our new school building, having been moved from the tower of the old academy, where it had stood sentinel for more than half a century. I see present with us to-day one who I am sure would recognize the peculiar tones of that bell wherever he might hear them; one who was for more than a quarter of a century pastor of one of our leading churches, and intimately connected with the educational interests of the town, the Rev. George Dustan, who will speak to

"THE SCHOOLS OF PETERBOROUGH."

MR. PRESIDENT:—My theme is "School Work and its Results for fifty years." Having been personally identified with my subject



for nearly thirty years and deeply interested in it, I feel somewhat prepared to speak upon it. I believe, also, that most of my audience will be in full sympathy with me in to-day's cursory review of the school work of the past, since it touches every home, every profession, and every business interest here.

Cradled in this beautiful valley, and somewhat shut out from the outside world by lofty hills, Peterborough has, nevertheless, been making history the past five decades. Whether the work has been well done will better appear in the future, perhaps, though some results may be seen to-day, at the close of a century and a half from the first sound of the settler's axe on the hillsides about us, and the first smoke of the settler's cabin—a pledge and a promise of future harvests of grain on the hillsides and of children in the cabins, which pledge and promise have been fulfilled for one hundred and fifty years.

I should have been untrue to my judgment and heart as one who has ever been interested in the growth and prosperity of this fair town in enterprise, morality and education, had I not responded to your invitation to be present and enjoy this feast of fat things. Though not a son to the manor born, I am something better, perhaps. Most of you could not help being born here; but I am a son by choice—persistent choice, too, having persevered I became *son* by marrying one of the many fair daughters of your town, and father of children who call this their native place. So, with a loyalty as true as steel, chastened by the tender and touching memories of the past, I should, had I not gathered with the assembled tribes here to-day, have proved recreant to the deepest feeling of my nature and the warmest sentiments of home and humanity that forever live in the breast of the patriot, however sharp be the climate or rough the soil of the home to which he has given his best thoughts and maturest energies.

Recognizing your own love and respect, I may say the peaks of the hills around Peterborough are not truer in their pointing heavenward, and the rivers in these valleys not more certain in their course than the flow of my feelings toward you and yours.

After listening to the interesting address of the morning, and the reading of the interesting poem, especially from *his* lips whose heart is as the heart of tenderness, and whose life interest in this town has run as a red silken strand of love through nearly a century of your history, and whose look is forward into the coming story of the years, with the same interest in all that pertains to the best good of this people of every sect, politics or name.

I do not aspire to rhetorical utterance, but in plain and simple speech, to tell something of the story of your labors and rewards as scholars. Undoubtedly the schools here, as elsewhere have labored under the disadvantages of poor school houses and incompetent teachers at times, but I am persuaded their success will com-

pare favorably with scholars in other towns. We are told by the town historian that in 1837 a neat brick building was built on a lot presented to the town by Gen. James Wilson which was to be used as an academy, and in that academy have been educated, from the days of Principal Hurd to the present time, the most promising youths of the last forty years. The teachers in that academy generally proved very capable. Some of them were possessed of more than usual scholarship and ability to impart knowledge. The youth of Peterborough have had the opportunity of securing well disciplined minds under the care of many efficient teachers, who have given instruction in the academy and high school in the past. And whatever happens to the building or the grounds, that spot will ever live in the memory as a place sacred to friendship and to scholarship. Previous to the erection of the academy building, a school house of note had been built east of the Main street bridge, two stories high; the upper part built by subscription and to be used as an academy. This building proved serviceable for school purposes for several years, until the school house situated on what is now the railroad lot was erected—made necessary by the growth of the centre district. In 1871 the high school district was established by vote of the town. This school was created none too soon, and has answered a need and done a work for education of most vital importance. Within a short time the schools in town have been consolidated into one district, to their great advantage. Several school houses have been built, and a commodious and convenient school house crowns one of the hills of the village, to the joy of the inhabitants and the honor of the town. This edifice will probably stand for many years—till the two hundredth anniversary of the town occurs—a monument to the good judgment of the committee of selection, and as a result of many discussions in the town hall, wise and otherwise, heated and jocose, but all subsiding into good nature.

It seemed not the wisest thing for all to remain in the home nest, and as the eagle pushes her eaglets from the eyrie, that they may test the strength and plume their wings for lofty flights, so some of your choicest youth have been constrained to go forth to find work and win fame in other places. This town has not been floated up to the level of other towns of like population by extraneous force, as a vessel is sometimes lifted by an incoming tide that touches all keels alike, but by the force of inherent vigor, through culture and mature strength of character.

Most prominent among those who have contributed to the success of your schools the first part of the century may be mentioned Revs. Cutler and Robinson, Dr. Cutter, who was superintending school committee many years; Dr. Smith, Mr. Howe, Ex-Gov. Steele, the Noones, Adams, Cheneys and Morisons. But perhaps no one did more for the welfare of education, as teacher and citi-

zen, than A. S. Scott, Esq., whose final efforts were crowned by the creation of the high school.

There is a pleasant tradition among older citizens of the success of the Peterborough lyceum, and I have no doubt the schools derived very much of benefit from that vigorous institution of which our President of the day was a worthy member.

I wish also to mention as a great assistance to the educational work of the town, your valuable town library, which has grown under the fostering care of Messrs. Pendleton, Jackson, Hatch, Dr. Cutler, Walbridge, Chase, and others, to such grand proportions and influence; also promoting by large use at the fireside, the acquisition of a good amount of practical knowledge. Says one: "There may be epics in men's brains just as there are oaks in acorns, but the tree and the book must come out to measure them." The earnest and successful men and women here and those who have gone forth from you, had the promise of success in the schools within the environment of this fair town.

The weekly paper issued here has also been a most important factor in the work of educating the young. This paper has always been in sympathy with the best education of the people, and has contributed very much to the acquisition of a valuable amount of practical knowledge. The editors are to be congratulated on their success, and the inhabitants on the pleasure and information afforded them weekly in perusing their village paper.

With increased numbers of children attending school, increased facilities for doing school work, increased appropriations for school support, better trained and more efficient teachers, there seems no reason why the schools of Peterborough should not only retain their rank attained in the past, but also advance to more commanding usefulness and higher success. While but few of the young people before me may be looking forward to a professional career, yet all who shall improve their opportunities in the schools to-day may become men and women fitted in scholarship and character to occupy any position of trust in the town or state.

My friends, it has been a privilege and a pleasure to have been associated with you in school work here for one-fourth of a century, and to have assisted in any degree in giving direction to the thoughts of the young on social and moral questions of the times. Of course you cannot get the same results out of all material.

"You may grind them both in the self-same mill,  
You may bind them heart and brow;  
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,  
And the other will follow the plow."

And yet in the plan of God they shall each fulfill the purpose designed, and prove useful in their day and generation.

Important as may be the material interests of this town I do not deem them the ones most demanding attention; attractive as may



ALLAN, PHOTOGRAPHER.

NEW SCHOOL BUILDING.  
1899.

ALLO-YPE PRINTING CO. BOSTON.



be the allurements of gain and honor, I do not deem them the highest end of pursuit. Intellectual and moral character are more necessary in citizens than fine establishments with impaired virtue. I believe you are contributing to the elevation of the community by cherishing your schools and your churches in the interest of sound learning and high virtue.

To you the test of loyalty and devotion to country came when young men here, some of them but just out of school and others just entering upon business life, answered the call for soldiers and went forth in defense of their country, for which service they had been in some measure prepared by the discipline of the school room. It is said that in the formation of the features of the human face our climate and natural scenery give a moulding and shading to the general expression of the countenance so that every child born in New Hampshire has a peculiar mark, that will show the delicate but strong impress of the touch of nature among these hills and valleys.

If so, what scenery anywhere surpasses in commanding and winning beauty that which appears mantling and gracing the vast basin of forests and farms that lies within the embrace of our hills? No scenery was ever better fitted to mould and make rugged and strong, manly character, and develope gentle and delicate lines of thought and sympathy, than that which gems our valleys and crowns our mountains, as to-day, with a coronation of glory.

It is my warmest wish that you may so cultivate the brawn, brain and heart of your children, that they may be recognized everywhere by the infallible characteristics of true men and women; in the honor that stamps the brow, the light of intelligence that gleams from the eye, and the language of truth and purity that flows from the lips as here, or in any part of our land, they shall contribute material of stable worth, upon which may be built the success of a people who are moulding the destinies of states. And as we take the hand of one born here, or look into his eye, the grasp of the first shall be that of a friend, and the look of the other shall bespeak unfaltering trust in truth and God.

**The Chairman:**

I now ask your attention while I read a letter from an absent son of the town, and will call upon the Hon. Thomas Moore of Adrian, Michigan, a native of old Peterborough, to respond to the sentiment therein contained.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 21, 1889.

JOSEPH FARNUM, ESQ., AND OTHERS, COMMITTEE OF INVITATION. GENTLEMEN:—When I first learned that Peterborough was to celebrate its 150th anniversary, on the 24th inst., I intended to be present and participate in its exercises and festivities. But circumstances have transpired that will prevent my attendance on that interesting occasion.

I regret this exceedingly, as it would give me great pleasure to be present, and once more grasp the hands and look into the faces of my early friends and acquaintances.

I was born in Peterborough, and spent some of my happiest years in that good old town. The remains of my mother repose in the "old cemetery" on the hillside, near the site of the first meeting house.

Those hills and valleys, those sandy plains and shady woodlands, the old Contoocook and its fertile meadows, are all imprinted in my memory. Those old fashioned farm houses and the more modern village dwellings, I shall never forget them, nor the dear friends who once inhabited them. I often recall the words of Gen. James Wilson, in his speech at your centennial celebration, just fifty years ago. Among many other interesting remarks, he said:

"Forget Peterborough! How can I forget her? Why, sir, I was born just over *there*. The bones of my ancestors, paternal and maternal, are deposited just over *there*; and among them, *there*, repose the remains of my mother. Oh! sir, it would be cold and heartless ingratitude to forget the place where one's best friends slumber in death! Spare me, Oh! spare me such a reproach."

I hope and trust that your plans and expectations for the celebration of the day will be fully realized, and that the proceedings and the various exercises will be enjoyable and satisfactory to all concerned.

Allow me in closing to give you the following toast:

The absent sons and daughters of Peterborough: In all their wanderings and sojournings, may they never forget their mother—the dear old town of Peterborough.

I am faithfully and truly yours,

DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D.

Response by Hon. Thomas Moore, of Adrian, Mich.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND CITIZENS OF PETERBOROUGH:—It gives me the greatest pleasure of my life to be present to-day, and mingle with you, and enjoy the festivities of this grand memorial day in honor of the early settlement of this town. And in behalf of the absent sons and daughters of Peterborough, whose homes are scattered far and wide; in the great and busy cities of the west; on its grand and fertile prairies; on the old Pacific's slope; yes, wherever in this grand country of ours there is push and enterprise, there you will find the grand old blood of Peterborough. The magnificent pageant of the morning, as it passed through your streets representing your numerous industries, most surely tell of your prosperity, and that Peterborough to-day is not by any means on the decline, but in fact was at no period in its history so prosperous as to-day. Be assured, my friends, those absent sons and daughters whose homes are far away, could they have witnessed it and mingled with you in this festive occasion, would have most truly been proud of the success of old Peterborough, the home of their childhood days.

The old mountains which have so fondly encircled your pleasant valley, and stood like the grand old guardians of your homes and

interests, are there to-day without one moment of relief. They seem to have grown old, but they are faithful to duty yet. Your hills look barren, and the old rocks even seem to have grown gray, but the old Contoocook, with its tributaries, as they haste along to the old Merrimac, have given golden opportunities for manufacturing, which has been, and is to-day more than ever in the past, the grand success of old New England.

As we stand here to-day and cast back in memory over the past, how great the changes. Those noble men and women, the founders of the progress we here see on every hand are gone, but their grand worth, their unselfish lives, their determined purpose laid the noble foundation on which rests to-day a civilization such as the world before has never seen. We stand to-day with uncovered heads beside their graves. And proud are we to be the sons and daughters of such noble parents; and we can truly say blessed indeed of God are the sons and daughters of Peterborough. We find by the records of the town that while the sons of Peterborough have been active in the development of the town, they have never failed to do their duty in the welfare of their country. Although reared and schooled in the arts of peace, when war with its cruel work of destruction came, Peterborough never faltered in her duty. The old French and Indian war found many a true soldier among the sons of Peterborough. And when the war of the revolution came the sons of Peterborough were found at Lexington and Concord, at Bunker Hill, at Bennington and Saratoga. And the mothers said to their husbands and brothers, "Go, and die if need be, that your country may live." Such were the characters, and of such material were the fathers of Peterborough made whose memory we have met to-day to honor. Well may we pause for one day in the busy work of life, and thank God while we rear a tablet to their memory. And in later years, when the great war of the rebellion came, when treason and secession turned her guns on old Sumter, and tore down the dear old flag which our fathers bore through such hardships and trials with unfaltering faith, its thunders were heard by the sons of Peterborough, and like the minute men of the olden time the sons of Peterborough left the shop, the mill and the farm. Yes, and gave their lives that the dear old flag might still wave as in the days of the fathers. Yes, citizens of Peterborough, as we stand here to-day with uncovered heads in solemn memory of the past, and rear a tablet that shall tell to generations yet to come, how the fathers and mothers laid the foundation of this grand civilization, under God Almighty's inspiration, that to-day is the wonder and admiration of the world, let us devoutly thank him for these treasures which are above price.

And now, citizens of Peterborough, and friends, in behalf of the absent ones, I sincerely thank you for your most cordial invitation, through your committee, to attend this grand festival, and



may the richest of heaven's blessings be ever yours. And let me assure you these words only express faintly the good wishes of the absent ones for your weal in all the avenues of life. And when we and you are done with earth, may we all meet in that great festal throng which is beyond the shores of time, to spend an eternity through Christ our great redeemer, where sorrow will never come. May God bless you all.

The Chairman:

MR. PRESIDENT:—We are fortunate to-day in having with us in the person of Miss Betsey Follansbee, the oldest living member of the choir who sang to us fifty years ago on the occasion of Peterborough's centennial. I will now read a letter from a younger member of that choir, now living in St. Helena, Cal.

ST. HELENA, CAL., OCTOBER 16, 1889.

GEO. H. LONGLEY, Chairman of Choir Committee—Dear Sir:—I read in the Transcript an invitation for all members of the choir of 1839 to be present Oct. 24, 1889. I sincerely regret that it is not possible for me to be with you on that occasion. I think I am correct in representing myself the youngest member of that choir.

It would give me real pleasure to meet the remnant of that numerous body of fifty years ago, and join them in singing some of the old songs that were sung on that occasion. Sad must be the reflection of many that may participate in your celebration, as they look over the assembly and miss the familiar faces of the silver haired Abbot, Payson, Smith, Steele, Moore, Miller, Ames, Scott and others—aye, and many of the sons of those sires, who were then in the prime of life, and in their places behold faces unknown to that time. Fifty years hence the children of to-day will be the old men with silvered hair.

It has been my fortune to see much of the beauty and grandeur of scenery of both the Atlantic and Pacific slopes. I now reside in one of the most beautiful valleys of California, but no view could be dearer to my sight than that of grand Monadnock, or the clear, rippling waters of the Contoocook, or Nubanusit. For romantic scenery, Peterborough ranks with the best of our country.

Hoping that all who celebrate 1889 may live to celebrate 1939, I send greetings to all who remember

SOPHRONIA SCOTT ALLYN.

Response by choir.

The Chairman:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—New Hampshire is honored to-day in the fact that her sons are sought for to hold positions of responsibility and honor throughout the republic. The great State of Massachusetts in the political contest now before her people, places at the head of her ticket for the offices of governor and lieutenant-governor the names of New Hampshire born men. Peterborough has done her full share in producing men who have filled honorable stations in the nation. We are fortunate to-day in the presence of one, who, not born here in town, received most of his early training among us, and who for many years was connected with the

manufacturing interests of the town and deeply interested in its growth and prosperity; one whom the citizens of this, his native State, thought good enough to twice elect to the office of chief magistrate. Allow me to introduce Ex-Governor P. C. Cheney of Manchester, N. H.

MR. PRESIDENT—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I thank my friend, the toastmaster, for this kindly introduction, and thank you all for this cordial greeting. A few days ago, I was notified that upon this occasion I would be called upon for a five or ten minutes' speech, and that I might select my own subject. You all know that "impromptu speeches" are as a rule, carefully written out and committed to memory. The constant and pressing demand upon my time has prevented any attempt on my part to observe this custom, so I come before you with simple "jottings," which are more in the nature of personal recollections regarding the events which were so notable here fifty years ago.

Although but eleven years of age, recollections of the incidents connected with them are as fresh in my memory as if of recent occurrence. Too young to be of service, yet I was old enough to be an interested observer of much that transpired, and large enough, I doubt not, to be at times considerably in the way; but I remember that my cup of happiness was full, and that nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the day. On the street, in front of the church where the exercises were held, the late A. D. Whitcomb, Esq., of Hancock, the late Charles G. Cheney, my brother, and myself, witnessed the imposing procession, listened to the martial strains of music, and watched with eager eyes the steady marching of the Peterborough Guards, Capt. Oliver, and the Peterborough Light Infantry, Capt. Samuel R. Miller. Their uniforms were attractive, and to us as boys, dazzling.

I remember that I took a special interest in the Peterborough Guards, for it was a new company, comparatively. My uncle, the late A. P. Morrison, was one of the line officers, and I was frequently drafted into service to do errands, and allowed to assist in making cartridges for sham fights at the annual musters, and help unbox and brush up the "trappings" for May trainings.

I remember well that the church was filled to its utmost capacity, including a large number of the more immediate descendants of the early settlers of this goodly town of Peterborough. I remember well the long list of names of these settlers, conspicuously arranged on the walls of the church, that they might the more emphatically be honored by the vast audience. It was here that I first listened to the distinguished and honored gentleman who delivered the centennial address, and, Mr. President, I still have in mind the impression made upon me by the orator, and I trust you will pardon me for saying in this presence, that his fifty years of a conspicuous-

ly christian life since then, has only been in confirmation of my boyhood remembrance.

This highest type of manhood and moral excellence, which has been so helpful to all who have come within its influence, affords a striking illustration of the divine attributes in man, mingling with his fellow men, leading them onward and upward.

I also recall to mind the speech of Capt. Oliver, speaking for the citizen soldiery. I suppose that what marked this particularly upon my mind, was my great interest in the company.

A sentence of this speech relative to the future of our country seems almost prophetic, and is worthy of being reproduced here. He says: "Our country is destined to grow on to fill the valley of the Mississippi, to spread itself along the Red River, the Arkansas, the Missouri; climb the Rocky Mountains, descend upon the Columbia and overspread the shores of the Pacific Ocean, with a hundred millions of human beings, as free and independent as ourselves." Since these words were uttered, our country, through the precious blood of her citizen soldiery, has laid aside her shackles and become free in reality.

Her population has increased from seventeen to sixty-five millions of people, and upon the Pacific slope she has a single city with 300,000 inhabitants. She has been put to a crucial test, such as no other government on the face of the earth has ever been subjected to, and emerged from it in all the glory and pride of a great republic, which had for its foundation-stone equal rights for all.

Other speeches, too, I remember, notably those of Dr. Smith, Captain Scott, and Gen. Wilson, names that will, to the latest generation, be esteemed, beloved and honored. It is indeed fitting that a tribute of respect should at this time be paid to the memory of all the men who reflected so much credit on the town at the close of the first century of its settlement. If the young men and boys who are present to-day, and who are to be the future custodians of the town's "good name" and honor, and who, with others, are to conduct the exercises of the two hundredth anniversary, will see to it that in their intellectual attainments and moral worth they are equally meritorious as were those of the first, you may be assured that you will leave to the succeeding generations the historical records of the town, as having reflected credit and distinction upon the descendants and successors of the town's earlier settlers.

Mr. President, referring more particularly to our own connection with the events which have become a matter of record within the last fifty years, I can but recall them with a feeling of sadness, for within that time, of the many who were here then, but few are left; wise as we believe the rulings of Providence, yet the hours of excessive sorrow, which have come to those who still remain, have made the burdens and trials of life seem at times almost overpowering, but their enduring faith, their exalted hope, and imple-

it trust that finally all would be overruled for good, has carried them safely along, with the hope that the few years left to them here may be the more fitting for the life beyond.

The treasured dead we have in our memory, and we are not unmindful of how important and helpful was their life work, while here. To them may much be ascribed, through which the town has been so notably honored and given such prominence among her sister towns. No people were ever more keenly alive to a sense of honor, more loyal to their government, or more liberal and charitable in their dealings with their fellow men than the citizens of Peterborough. Their aim and purpose have been progressive in advancing the public interest in sustaining the nation's honor; nor have they been forgetful of their own honor in not caring for their heroic dead. The artistic and simple shaft which you have erected by the shore of your beautiful river, marks well your affection, as well as your purpose, to ever hold them in tender recollection. The present indebtedness of the town may also well be cited in this connection, for it is composed largely of your war tax to save your government, and your contributions to ensure first-class railroad facilities to your business men.

The interest in your public library, your public schools, your churches, and all that goes to mark the character of the people as progressive, is everywhere observant, and as citizens you may well be proud of the commanding position of your town. Those of us who were long so closely associated with you, but called to other fields, have not forgotten their old time friends, nor allowed their love and affection to become extinct by the more imperative demands made upon them in a more extended sphere of action. With you they have a common feeling of pride in all that redounds to the glory and fame of the town. Speaking for myself personally, I may say that the thirty-two years, during which this was my home, and which included my boyhood days, my youth, and my early manhood, receiving as I did from her people their unbounded confidence and friendship, I have ever been loath to sever my connection entirely with you.

I have found pleasure in retaining my membership with your lodges, and declining to sell my pew in the church where I was wont to worship. This last reference calls to mind many incidents well known to many of you, and some of them were of a mirthful class, but which I suppose are well nigh forgotten. Want of time will not allow them to be introduced here to any extent, but there is one so brief, so apt and withal so characteristic, that I will venture to repeat it.

The time and place was the Unitarian church under the pastorate of the scholarly Rev. Dr. Robinson. The janitor or sexton of the church was our old friend, Mr. Joseph Cram. A furious, blinding, long continued snow storm, had culminated upon a Sab-

bath morning, and the roads and streets were impassible. The sexton shoveled his way to the church, lighted his fires, and rang the first bell. No one appeared in response, yet at the given time he tolled the bell for the commencement of the service. Just as he had finished the minister appeared, nearly exhausted by his efforts to get there. He eagerly inquired if there were many people there. "Not anybody," replied the sexton, "but you and I, and we would not be here if we were not paid for it." The minister was no longer serious, but found his way back home with his sermon, and so greatly amused as to relate the witty and sly retort to his many friends.

But, Mr. President, I have used up my allotted time, and I will close with my thanks for your attention.

The Chairman:

MR. PRESIDENT:—Recognizing the prominence of the name of Smith as connected with the past history of Peterborough, I addressed a note to the Hon. Jeremiah Smith of Dover, N. H., a distinguished representative of that honored name, inviting him to be present to-day and favor you with a short address. We are honored by his presence, but his health will not permit him to address you. I will therefore call upon Jonathan Smith, Esq., of Clinton, Mass., who will speak to the sentiment,

"THE SMITHS OF PETERBOROUGH."

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS OF PETERBOROUGH:—I must ask your indulgence in declining to make any extended allusion to the family to which I belong. The presence here this afternoon of its most distinguished living representative, whose health and modesty (a prominent trait, by the way, of all the sons and daughters of Peterborough), prevent his describing to you their characters, and the prominent parts they had in the early history of the town, renders the task a more appropriate one for him than myself. But the kindly introduction of your chairman calls to mind one feature of the history of Peterborough which deserves a stronger emphasis in these exercises than it has yet received, illustrating as it does the character of the early settlers and their descendants, and the kind of men they were and we know are still. To the student of our local history no chapter is more interesting or suggestive than that which relates to our military annals. It opens within six years from the first permanent settlement of the town, and closes at a period within the memory of nearly all present. It is interesting in view of the number of soldiers the town has furnished for the different wars, the hardships they endured and the sacrifices they freely made for the different causes they defended. It is also suggestive of many thoughts in light of the fact that every war in which the town has taken an active part was waged for the

defense or preservation of religious freedom and the institutions of civil liberty. The war with Mexico, a causeless quarrel with a weak neighbor, struck no sympathetic cord in the hearts of her people. It is not known that a single citizen of the town served in the armies of Generals Scott or Taylor. The contest with Great Britain in 1812 did not draw a single man, with one exception, into active service. Twenty-three, when a draft was imminent, volunteered for the defense of Portsmouth to protect that place from foreign invasion, but not a man was injured and not one marched beyond the borders of the State. The early settlers of the town, any more than their descendants in 1861, were no lovers of strife. Military achievements and glory had no attractions for them. They had fled from wars and persecutions in the old country to seek peace and quiet, under liberty, upon these western shores. For their conscience sake, and to enjoy the blessings of freedom in their own way, they came here to clear the forests and build their homes, and for these they braved the rigors of a severe climate, and bore all the privations incident to a frontier life in an almost unbroken wilderness. Peaceful men, loving peaceful pursuits, they were yet men of the truest courage. Theirs was not a mere physical courage, born of a strong hand and clear head; it was rather a *sacred* courage, born of a strong hand and a vigorous understanding united to a humble, tender and loving heart. "A good believing, strong minded man for a new settler," John Brown once said, "is worth a thousand men without character." It is a faithful description of the founders of Peterborough. It was their consistent, upright characters, joined to their fearless lives, which early gave right direction to the town, and which stamped their impress upon the people for all time.

The infant colony was fortunate in this, that it was never the victim of an Indian massacre. Yet the savage foe was all about it, and for years the settlers literally slept upon their arms in hourly fear of attack. It was the irony of fate that they came so far and braved so much for the sake of peace and quiet, that they should find themselves in their new homes in the midst of dangers greater and more dreaded than any they had left behind. If it kept alive in their minds a familiarity with the scenes and sufferings of war, it also intensified their loyalty to those great principles of civil and religious liberty which they came here to plant and to enjoy.

In the war of 1755, a contest between the civilization of France and the civilization of England for supremacy on this continent, they recognized the issue and cheerfully did their full part. The settlement was hardly six years old, yet at the close of that bloody struggle in 1759, though the whole male population between 16 and 60 years, able bodied and otherwise, was barely eighty persons, the town had furnished thirty-six men for the army, of whom

fourteen had been killed or died in camp. Probably more than one-half of those fit for military duty and of military age had entered the service, and 25 per cent. had perished. Only those here to-day familiar with war and all it means can imagine the privations those soldiers endured in their long marches through unbroken forests; with rations poor, meagre and uncertain of supply; in hourly peril of the deadly ambush by cruel and wily foes; with no agent of the sanitary commission or ministering angel of the Red Cross at their elbows to catch them as they fell by hostile bullet or deadly disease, bear them tenderly away to comfortable and well furnished hospitals, minister to their wants and soothe their sufferings. But well knowing all this they did not shrink; the hardships and the perils of that war neither abated their patriotism nor cooled their ardor for the colonial cause. The town furnished its full quota of men and had its representatives in every campaign from 1755 to the fall of Quebec in 1759. When, sixteen years later, the war with the mother country came, appealing as it did to their strong love for these homes which they had planted here at the expense of so much sorrow and toil, and to their broader and more comprehensive ideas of local self government, taxation by consent only, and freedom from irresponsible kingly authority, they entered zealously into it. It was hardly light on the morning of April 19th, 1775, when a tired horseman aroused Capt. Robert Wilson at his residence on the Street Road, a few rods up the hill south of the Wilson corner, with the news that the British troops were leaving Boston on an expedition into the country. "Before noon of that day," says the old chronicle, "every able bodied man in town was on the march to the relief of their brethren at Concord and Lexington." Seventeen soldiers of the town fought at Bunker Hill, of whom four were wounded. Twenty-five took part in the campaign against Burgoyne, and from first to last one hundred and forty-five different men served in the army—one out of every five of the whole population.

Nearly every able bodied man of military age must in course of the war, have entered the service. Nothing suggests to the mind so vividly the severity of that conflict, the terrible drain it was upon the resources of the town, or the stern, unflinching devotion of the fathers to the ideas and principles which underlay the revolutionary war, as this one fact. We must remember, too, that agriculture was the only industry; that there was no money for taxes; that the currency was fluctuating and often worthless; that in addition to the constant drain of men the town had to furnish its quota of beef and other supplies for the army in the field; the people were poor, had nothing but their land, barely cleared of trees, rocky and sterile, from which to support themselves and fill their contributions for the public service. Only a brave, conscientious and determined people, fighting for a righteous cause,

can for eight long weary years carry on such war and bear its burdens. And we may well suppose that when the victory was finally won and they had gained all for which they had contended, they counted it all as joy that they had dared and sacrificed so much, and that the principles for which they had contended were more lovingly cherished for the price they had paid for them.

Only one other military event, since the revolution, has touched the town in a manner to test the patriotism of its people and try their patience and courage. I need not name it—it is fresh in the minds of all. In 1861 not one of the revolutionary soldiers or citizens was living. A few of the veterans of 1812 remained, objects of peculiar veneration and respect to the young men of twenty-eight years ago. The town knew nothing of war or of the hardships and sufferings that come with it. The people were absorbed in business, taking deep interest in the questions out of which the rebellion finally grew, but no more anticipating an armed conflict with the South than we are to-day. The great awakening of patriotism which the sound of the first hostile cannon produced will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. In the space of four years the town sent 10 per cent. of its entire population into the army, and more than 40 per cent. of its able bodied men of military age.

The character of that gigantic struggle, the terrible sacrifices of treasure and blood, which for four long years the town, like the old priest of Israel, poured upon the country's altar, need no farther rehearsal here to-day. After twenty-five years of peace and unexampled prosperity, its effects are still seen in the scores of feeble and battle scarred forms which daily walk your streets; you read them in the records of forty-five of the bravest and best of your sons and daughters whose names are written on yonder monument; the greatness of your sacrifice comes back to you upon every returning Memorial Day, when the Grand Army decks with the flowers of spring the graves of more than fifty of their comrades, who, since the war have been mustered out of all earthly service. Surely in the presence of all these memorials we may well claim that the spirit of the fathers descended upon their children of 1861. As we recall their names and deeds, whether they fell in the deadly ambush on the shores of Lake George in 1758, or perished in resistance to northern invasion at Saratoga in 1777, or died on the heights of Gettysburg, or wore their lives away in the prison pens of Salisbury and Andersonville—

“Our souls grow fine  
With keen vibrations from the touch Divine  
Of noble natures gone.”

We are proud of their self devotion, their unflinching courage, and their loyalty to the truth. Such heroism and such memories are the richest heritage which can descend to any people in any



age, and we may well be grateful that our dear old town has such a priceless legacy of patriotism and self denial committed to her keeping. May we, her sons and daughters, assembled here to renew our vows of love and fealty to the place of our birth, make fresh resolve that the love of country, and that steadfast loyalty to the principles of right and justice which the fathers so nobly exemplified and their children in '61 so bravely maintained, shall descend to our children and to our children's children to the remotest generation.

The Chairman:

I will now call upon the Rev. W. H. Walbridge to respond to the sentiment,

"THE RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF PETERBOROUGH."

MR. PRESIDENT:—If the religious interests of Peterborough are to be represented on this interesting occasion, it is fitting, perhaps, that the oldest settled pastor, and pastor of the oldest church in this town should speak for the churches.

Others have spoken of the industrial progress of the town during the last half century, of the improved methods of agriculture and manufacture, of the new and better educational facilities which the town affords as compared with those of fifty years ago. We have witnessed a long and imposing procession, civic, military, industrial, representing the social, mechanical and commercial life of the people. Show to one who is accustomed to reckon only the market value of everything, who measures all human activities by commercial standards, I confess that the work of the churches may appear very insignificant in the presence of this grand display of material things, and these evidences of growth and progress. And the minister may be pardoned if he pauses for the moment to ask, "Of what use am I? What part or lot has the church in this magnificent display which speaks of the industry, skill, thrift and intelligence of the people of this town?"

The common opinion respecting all human avocations and activities takes a utilitarian form. Almost the only question which people are wont to ask concerning any proposed measure or project is, "will it pay?" or "what is it worth?" "will it provide bread or shoes, wine or furniture?" The plane of thought and solicitude is a material one. We want to see all human energies of hand, brain and heart directed toward the creation of things and an increase of the material resources of our country. We are prone in our day to count nothing of value which cannot be converted into money or its equivalent. The glory of scientific discovery and mechanical inventions is often seen only in the relation of these to the pocket and the larder. If a knowledge of chemistry and electricity and the laws of the universe will enable man to weave cloth out of grass and wood and so clothe himself in gar-

ments cheap and fine, or send his message from Boston to London in the fraction of a minute, science is a splendid thing, for it is the servant of man and serves his material interests. Men are not slow to detect the outward value of industry and inventions, and a knowledge of mechanics. But how many minds perceive the educational value of these things? How many apprehend in the slightest degree that all these human activities have a higher end and are capable of ministering to higher uses, in the education of the spirit, the culture and development of those faculties whereby we perceive the wisdom and glory of God manifested in all and through all.

The progress of the human race in the past fifty years has been great. No age has ever witnessed such grand achievements in the domain of physical things as our own. The power which man has acquired over the forces of nature is indeed marvellous. And these discoveries and inventions have contributed in a large measure towards an increase of wealth and a multiplication of those things which minister to the physical comfort and material prosperity of man. I trust that you will not understand me as depreciating these evidences of material growth and prosperity. I would not utter a single word to detract from the value of the grand achievements of this age and generation, or withhold my poor tribute of admiration and praise for those who have done so much to improve the physical condition and advance the material interests of man. With you I rejoice in what our eyes behold this day. With you I glory in the industrial progress of a century and a half since this town was incorporated whose close we celebrate to-day.

But in the name of the church I would urge my plea for that which I conceive to be higher, better, holier, for that which is more essential to the largest, fullest, divinest life of the individual and the race, and without which no life can attain to the highest and noblest development of all its powers.

It seems to me that there is great danger that we may come to look upon these achievements of modern thought and inventive genius—the telegraph and the telephone, and all the numerous contrivances of mechanical ingenuity and skill—as the only, or the chief props of our civilization, and so to consider that man has attained his full stature, his greatest power, when he has subdued the material world, conquered the forces of nature, and made them his tributaries to minister to his physical needs and pour gold into his coffers.

I would remind you that a nation's strength does not reside in its material riches, in its armies and navies, not in the application of steam and electricity to mechanical uses. It is something far more subtle and powerful and permanent than these things which make a nation strong and insures it against decay. "These things

ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone." An exclusive devotion to material interests may tend toward the decay and not the upbuilding of national and individual life. History bears witness that some of the mightiest civilizations of the past have perished, not from a lack of material resources—they had bread enough and to spare. Gold and silver they had in abundance. They died of spiritual starvation; because it is written that "man shall not live by bread alone," and "his life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

The apostles of science and art, of learning and religion, the great poets and philosophers and statesmen of the past, whose names have become household words were men into whose souls shone the light of a diviner truth, a nobler ideal than is found in the pursuit of wealth as the end of life. The ideal which went before them as a pillar of fire and cloud was nothing that the eye could see or the hand grasp. It was the true, the beautiful, the good. This is the highest, divinest philosophy of life. It is under the inspiration of such a spirit that beauty, chivalry, love, and all the sublimest virtues flourish and increase.

And this is the function of the church—to keep before men the higher ideal of life; to charm the soul upward; to woo and win man from the worship of Mammon to the love of righteousness, from the gratification of sensual appetites and desires to the life of the spirit, to remind him that he is not wholly of "the earth earthy," but a living soul, a child of God, and heir to incorruptible riches, and if mankind ever rises above the animal and gains a complete victory over the baser passions and propensities of his nature; if he is to become something more than a calculating machine or a mere pleasure seeker; if the moral and spiritual sentiments are to be enthroned over the merely animal desires, it will be largely due to the power and influence of the Christian church. It is not the business of the church to create things but to train men, to form character. Theodore Parker said that "the highest function of a nation is to bring forth and bring up noble men and women." The fairest fruit which the people of any town can show is not the product of its farms and forges, its looms and workshops, but the high characters, intellectual, moral and religious, of its men and women. And this must always be the true test of progress, viz.: What sort of men and women are bred and reared? If they be lacking in those qualities which alone can give worth and dignity and glory to manhood and womanhood it is in vain to boast of the crops we raise, the shoes we make, the cloth we weave. If our modern civilization bears not a higher and better type of men and women than was born and bred in the past, then we may well consider whether we have made progress in what is most vital to the strength and integrity of the commonwealth. Toward this supreme end and aim of life it will be found, I think,

that the church has contributed not a little. And so we may justly feel that in everything that has contributed to the growth and prosperity of our town in what is essential and of permanent value, the churches have not been found wanting. They have done their part, and will so continue in the future to labor for what is highest and best.

The Chairman:

I have here a letter from a native of Peterborough, Prof. N. H. Morison, of Baltimore, Md., the author of the fine poem to which you have this day listened, and whose annual return to his summer home among us we so much welcome, which I will now read:

20 W. MADISON ST., BALTIMORE, MD., OCT. 20, 1889.

F. G. CLARKE, ESQ., CHAIRMAN. DEAR SIR:—I find, as I anticipated, that neither my occupations nor my health will permit me to make a journey to Peterborough for the celebration. I regret this the more, as it is probably the last important occasion at which I shall be able to take a part in the town's proceedings. The family will be well represented by my brother who will read my small contribution to the occasion—a contribution which has awakened in me a stronger and a sadder feeling than is my wont, as the past came vividly before me in the composition.

My youth in Peterborough was a happy one, my friends numerous and ardent, and the recollections of my early life are still most agreeable, but sad from the entire loss of those I best knew and most loved. In mature life we were scattered broad-cast over the land; and most of my friends have finished their work and departed. "We a little longer wait," but it cannot be long.

I trust that the town will maintain its old reputation for enterprise and honesty, and that those characteristics which have given it a peculiar fame among its neighbors may never depart.

I am, my dear sir, yours very truly,

N. H. MORISON.

The Chairman announced that he had received interesting letters from absent sons and daughters, and the following embrace the same:

MEDINA, MICH., OCT. 17, 1889.

GENTLEMEN:—Your card of Oct. 7, inviting me to be present at the 150th anniversary of the settlement of my native town of Peterborough is received. I can assure you, gentlemen, that it would give me great pleasure to be present with you on the 24th of the present month and participate in the exercises and festivities of the occasion, and take by the hand old friends, some of whom I have not met for more than fifty years, and may never meet again, but circumstances beyond my control render it impossible. It is pleasant, after a residence of fifty-three years in the west, to be remembered by the inhabitants of my native town. Eighteen years of my early life were passed on the old Moore homestead, and five years in the machine shops of Peterborough, but in all my wanderings I have never had any wish to deny the fact that I was born among the granite hills of New Hampshire, or that I was a Peterborough boy. Your early inhabitants were noted for their push and enterprise. The first water loom and the

first cloth manufactured in New Hampshire upon a water loom was manufactured at the old Bell Factory in Peterborough. I look with admiration on the old men of Peterborough of seventy years ago. There was something in the bean porridge and brown bread manufactured by the pioneer mothers of Peterborough that brought their sons and their daughters to the front. I take no small pride in reviewing the military history of the descendants of the pioneer fathers and mothers of Peterborough. The battle of Brownstown made the name of Gen. James Miller a household name among the native French of Michigan when I came here in 1834. Every school boy in America is aware of the fact that Abraham Lincoln was in the Blackhawk war, but few even in Peterborough may be aware of the fact that Cyrus Felt, a Peterborough boy, carried a musket and served in the same regiment and in the same campaign with Abraham Lincoln. In the late war they were among the first and the last to put down the Rebellion. They were in the first Michigan infantry that made the first advance into Virginia, on the 24th of May, 1861, and they were present at the surrender of Gen. Lee and the capture of Jeff Davis. They served on every battle field with the army of the Potomac. They were with Grant at Fort Donelson, at Pittsburg Landing and at Vicksburg; with Thomas at Nashville; with Rosecrans at Stone river, and they fought with Hooker among the clouds at Lookout mountain, and they went with Sherman in his march to the Sea.

This anniversary brings to my mind many pleasing recollections of my childhood and youth. I can never forget my native town. My ancestors for three generations are buried there.

Very respectfully yours,

GEORGE W. MOORE.

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NO. 1449 MASS. AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C., 17 OCT., 1889.

GENTLEMEN:—Your kind invitation to the celebration of the 24th instant, at Peterborough, is received, and I must thank you for it, though unable to be present.

I have no doubt that the exceptional high standing of your town among those of the State, is most due to the hardy Scotch-Irish stock from Londonderry, which formed the bulk of its original settlers—a stock "*whose blood*," in the words of a modern most eminent statesman, "*has enriched all who have had the good fortune to inherit it*." After quoting this high *eulogium*, I trust it may savor of pride alone and not of vanity, if I add that I find in my own pedigree that particular one of those male pioneers who lived, I think, to the most extreme old age—the first John Morrison.

Among your natives, too, was my wife's grandfather, General James Miller, U. S. A., of the same Scotch origin, whose character—as drawn by Hawthorne in his celebrated preface to "*The Scarlet Letter*," and as exemplified in his life—is yet further evidence of the sterling quality of those Londonderry settlers.

I was much struck by the superb appearance of a procession of Scotchmen whom I saw pass down School street in Boston on the 29th of August last, and I am quite of the belief that no more distinguished type of manly beauty can be found in Europe or America, than among the Scotch and their descendants.

I often had occasion to consult your excellent "*History of Peterborough*" when preparing the oration which I pronounced at the centennial celebration of your neighbor town of Temple, and in writing the history of my native place. Its "*genealogies*" were

quite full, I remember; but if any omissions occurred, you will now have an opportunity to supply them in the continued chronicle, which your new celebration will make necessary.

I have the honor to remain, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY AMES BLOOD.

DOVER N. H., OCTOBER 15, 1889.

DEAR COL. SCOTT:—Your very kind invitation to attend the Peterborough Anniversary has been duly received; but I doubt whether it will be convenient for me to be present. If I do attend, I must ask to be excused from speech making. The old homestead will be creditably represented in that line by my cousin Jonathan.

Yours truly,

JEREMIAH SMITH.

BELOIT, WISCONSIN, OCTOBER 15, 1889.

JOSEPH FARNUM, &C. GENTLEMEN:—I have to thank your committee for your invitation to meet the citizens of Peterborough, N. H., on the 24th inst., when they propose to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of their town. I regret that I am compelled to forego the pleasure of meeting with you.

On February 21st, 1839, now more than fifty years ago, I turned my face towards the west. I have a very clear recollection of what Peterborough and her people were then, and I should like very much to see what they are now, and how they conduct their public meetings.

When I was a boy, among other of the leading men in the town meetings were John H. Steele, Stephen P. Steele and his uncle John Steele, and Wm. Scott. Now they are all sleeping with the "great majority." Fifty years is a very long bridge, and on the card which I received there are but three familiar names.

Hon. Nathaniel Holmes was a young man when I was a boy: John Wilder and I were boys together, attending the old No. 1 school; A. A. Farnsworth, if I am not mistaken, used to attend the Presbyterian church, as I myself did in those days. The clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Holt, and he was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Pine. Fifty years ago we had no railroad, except one from Boston to Lowell. There were no railroads in New Hampshire. We had no daily papers, no telegraph and no telephone, and the clergymen were not preaching against the sin of reading the Sunday newspapers. In those days we had two long sermons every Sunday. I think they were very "sound," but the boys thought them a little tedious. So far as I ever heard there was no difference of opinion among the boys on that subject. In those days we had no advanced ritual, there was no difference between the high and low church as now. There was nothing in the service to appeal to the imagination or the eye. The result was, that to the young, it seemed a little dry. I presume it is different now.

I still indulge in the hope that sometime I shall see Peterborough again, but it is impossible for me to be with you on the 24th inst.

Yours very sincerely,

S. J. TODD.

NASHUA, OCTOBER 22, 1889.

GENTLEMEN:—I regret that unavoidable engagements will prevent my acceptance of your invitation to attend the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the settlement of the town of Peterborough.

The past history of Peterborough will compare favorably with that of any other town in the State. The town has been a nursery of men and women who have gone forth, not only into other towns in New Hampshire, but into other states, to build up and improve the homes of their adoption. She has sent forth, too, a large number who have made their mark on the field of battle, as statesmen, in the learned professions, and in the varied walks of life. She did her part in furnishing soldiers in the war of the revolution, in the war of 1812, and in the late war between the States. With other soldiers from the town, Capt. William Scott was severely wounded at the battle of Bunker Hill, was taken to Halifax as prisoner of war, but escaped after a few months' confinement, and was subsequently commander of a company in Col. Jackson's regiment in Massachusetts. At Lundy's Lane, Col. Miller, on being ordered to storm a British battery, replied, "I'll try, sir," and not only captured and held the position, but with it seven pieces of elegant brass cannon, and was thereupon immediately promoted to the rank of General. She has contributed three governors to this State and one to the Territory of Arkansas. She has furnished seven members of congress, three judges of State supreme courts—one of whom was chief justice, and several professors of colleges, as well as a number of accomplished teachers of the public schools of the country.

Since the centennial celebration of the settlement of the town in 1839, Peterborough has made noteworthy progress in material and industrial prosperity; may those now living and celebrating this, her 150th anniversary, and who shall survive to celebrate her bicentenary, in 1939, witness still more remarkable progress and prosperity, in the comparison of the two epochs.

Yours very truly,

B. B. WHITEMORE.

HAVERHILL, MASS., OCTOBER 21, 1889.

MR. ANDREW A. FARNSWORTH, COMMITTEE OF INVITATION. DEAR SIR:—Your earnest and most cordial invitation to be present and participate in the exercises and festivities connected with the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Peterborough is received.

I distinctly remember as a mere lad of sitting in the east gallery of the Unitarian church on the occasion of the 100th anniversary, fifty years ago, and listening to the oration which told of the virtues and achievements of the early settlers of the town. Although I do not remember of seeing a report of the exercises from that day to this, I recall one toast that was given on that occasion by Capt. Samuel C. Oliver, partly perhaps from its nature and partly, it may be, from the fact of the author's residence being in the same section of the town of my own. It was this: "It's no more than fair that the fair partake of our fare."

When my mind reverts to old unique and historic Peterborough, the place of my nativity and home of my youth, around which clusters so many precious memories of early days, and whose soil holds the precious dust of my ancestry, I am reminded of the

words of the psalmist, "If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

There is one link of association that seems to bind the beautiful city of my adoption to that of my old home. As I sit in my office my eyes rest on a majestic river, gliding along towards the ocean. The little stream that furnishes power for most of your industries unites its waters near the Capitol of your State with the broader Merrimack, and as these waters flow along past the manufacturing cities of Manchester, Lowell and Lawrence, it is said that they carry more spindles and machinery than any other river on the globe.

Allow me to offer a sentiment: "May the declining years of the old inhabitants of Peterborough, who have 'served their generation by the will of God' during the last half century, be as peaceful as the combined waters of the Contoocook and Merrimack as they enter the sea."

While expressing my deep regret for my inability to be present on what must be a most joyous occasion, and thanking you for your kind invitation, allow me to reciprocate by extending to my old townsmen a most hearty and cordial invitation to visit this border city, the home of Hannah Duston and the birthplace of our own poet Whittier, next summer, when we shall celebrate the 250th anniversary of this delightful city.

Fraternally yours,

GEO. THAYER.

NASHUA, N. H., OCTOBER 23, 1889.

TO JOSEPH FARNUM, ESQ., AND OTHERS, COMMITTEE OF INVITATION. GENTLEMEN:—When I received your invitation to be present at the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Peterborough, I fully intended to be present upon this most interesting occasion, but the serious illness of my aged father calls me to his bedside every night. I must therefore forego the pleasure of joining my friends and a goodly company of the distinguished men and women who claim Peterborough as the place of their birth or residence during some part of their lives. Before I became a resident of Peterborough, in 1858, I was familiar with much of the early history of the town, and knew something of the services rendered by its sons, who had shown themselves most worthy descendants of the Londonderry colony, both in Church and State.

A six years' residence among your people made it apparent to me that the virtues of the fathers were exemplified in the intelligence, independence and good sense of those who at that time were sustaining the good reputation of your ancient town. I regret exceedingly that I cannot be present with you.

Very truly yours,

GEO. A. RAMSDELL.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 18, 1889.

JOSEPH FARNUM, ET AL. GENTLEMEN:—Please accept sincere thanks for your kind invitation to be present at the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of dear old Peterborough. While it will



be impossible for me to be with you in person, I assure you I shall be in thought, as I ever hold dear my native town, and shall ever be interested in her prosperity. Enclosed find \$5.00 which please drop into the celebration fund, as I wish to add my mite to make it a success. With kind regards, I remain,

Very truly yours,

WILLIS L. AMES.

HURLEY, DAKOTA, OCTOBER 18, 1889.

JOSEPH FARNUM, ESQ., PETERBOROUGH, N. H., CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE OF INVITATION. DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to be with you on the 24th inst. is at hand, and duly noted. Allow me to thank you for the same, and express regrets at not being able to be present on an occasion of so much interest to all former as well as present residents of your town. Absent sons should not forget their mother. That the day may be auspicious, and your fullest expectations regarding this Anniversary be more than realized, is the wish of your former townsman,

J. H. FARNSWORTH.

ROYALSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 21, 1889.

TO COMMITTEE OF INVITATION. GENTLEMEN:—It was with great pleasure and satisfaction that we received your kind invitation to participate in the exercises and festivities of the semi-centennial, to take place October 24, and due preparation was made to be present, but an unexpected call to serve a good cause, and allowing no delay, will prevent our being present. Please accept our regrets and permit the following sentiment: "May the patriotism, love of home, good citizenship, the zeal and progress so fully represented by the fathers and mothers of the past, be faithfully and impartially sustained by the sons and daughters of the present."

Very kindly yours,

T. M. LONGLEY.

EAGLE RIVER, MICH., OCTOBER 15, 1889.

JOSEPH FARNUM AND OTHERS, COMMITTEE OF INVITATION:—Your card of 7th inst. inviting me to attend the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Peterborough is just at hand, and, while nothing could give me more pleasure than to meet my old acquaintances (who must be few now), on such an occasion, I regret to say that business duties will bar me from such enjoyment. Permit me to thank you heartily for your kind invitation. I attended the 100th anniversary, being then a resident of the town, and well remember many of the speakers of that day, one of whom, Gen. James Wilson, was a life-long friend of mine, and his interest located me here among the best copper mines of the world. Again thanking you for your kind remembrance of me, and hoping the occasion may fully meet your anticipations, I am

Very respectfully yours,

JNO. SENTER.

NEW LISBON, WIS., OCTOBER 11, 1889.

GENTLEMEN OF COMMITTEE OF INVITATION:—Your postal just received. I think you can hardly realize the thrill of pleasure that the name Peterborough sent through my heart. Nothing would give me greater happiness than to be with you on this anniversary. My earliest recollections dates from your town. While it will be impossible for me to be with you in person, you have my heartiest good wishes that the festivities may be a green spot in your memories never to be forgotten.

Sincerely yours,

FRED E. BOYNTON.

NEW LISBON, WIS., OCTOBER, 15, 1889.

JOSEPH FARNUM AND OTHERS, COMMITTEE OF INVITATION. GENTLEMEN:—Your kind invitation to meet and participate in the exercises and festivities of this eventful occasion is at hand, and meets with my unbounded sympathy and encouragement. The thought thrills the soul with delight, and the pen falters when obliged to announce that circumstances prevent.

The prosperity and growth of Peterborough is watched by her absent sons with no small degree of pride, and the intense interest she (her residents) exhibits in her local, state and national events, manifests a wide awake spirit that can be traced back to the originators of the town, whose minds are embedded with solid common sense, immovable as the hills and correct as the judgment record. Immigration has invaded its enclosure, but the pure streams of morality from the fountain head follow the direction marked out by its originators, and gives it impulse, influence and principle.

After thirty years of absence from my native town I returned, expecting much, but found my conceptions more than realized. Beautiful and valuable residences dotted the hill tops, while the valleys and water powers were utilized by immense structures and inviting homes. Articles manufactured in Peterborough are sold by the merchants and business men of New Lisbon, Wis. The East mountains we were trying to tunnel or remove thirty years ago for commercial benefits are flanked or rode over by railroads. The aged and honored had passed behind the veil, and the simple name was inscribed upon the cemetery tombstone, while the humming spindle and busy workshops were living monuments to their enterprise and genius. The middle aged had become old; the young wore locks of grey, while the infants and babes were obeying the Divine injunction to increase, multiply and replenish the earth. Perhaps we are not really born until we die, and if death should be only a change of residence, we hope it to be among the earnest, enterprising people of Peterborough.

Your schoolmate and friend,

ELIAS BOYNTON.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS, MASS., OCTOBER 19, 1889.

MESSRS. JOSEPH FARNUM AND OTHERS. GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for your kind invitation to be present at your sesqui-centennial. Although not a native or former resident, I feel a strong interest in the welfare of the town. Mrs. W., whom I married in Peter-

borough fifty years ago was a native of Peterborough, and her immediate relatives reside there now. If nothing unforeseen prevents I intend to be present.

Yours most respectfully,

S. G. WILLIAMS.

N. B.—I attended the celebration fifty years ago.

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LOWELL, OCTOBER 19, 1889.

HON. JOSEPH FARNUM, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE OF INVITATION:—I have received your invitation to the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Peterborough, on October 24th, 1889. You have my thanks for the kind invitation.

As I was the first child born in the town (West Peterborough), I think that borough should be represented, therefore I shall endeavor to be present on that occasion.

Yours, &c.,

SAMUEL LAWRENCE.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA., OCTOBER 19, 1889.

JOSEPH FARNUM AND OTHERS, COMMITTEE OF INVITATION. GENTLEMEN:—I have your invitation to participate in your sesqui-centennial celebration on the 24th prox. I very well remember the pleasant occasion we had fifty years ago, in which I took great interest. I would be very glad to be with you on this occasion, but my health and age will prevent. The painful part of it would be the absence of old and familiar faces—*friends* who long since passed on. I shall be with you in spirit, and hope you will have as good a time as we did fifty years ago.

Very truly yours,

WM. B. BEMENT.

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UTICA N. Y., OCTOBER 24, 1889.

J. FARNUM, PETERBOROUGH, N. H.:—I find to my exceeding sorrow that I cannot be with the old ladies and gentlemen who were boys and girls together in '39, hence I send you greeting. Will materialize at the two hundredth, if permitted.

Cordially yours,

JAS. S. GRAY.

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AUGUSTA, ME., OCTOBER 24, 1889.

HON. FRANK G. CLARKE, PETERBOROUGH, N. H.:—Prosperity to Peterborough for another century and a half.

LESLIE C. CORNISH.

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ANTRIM, N. H., OCTOBER 10, 1889.

COL. F. G. CLARKE. DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to attend the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the settlement of the town of Peterborough is received. I am very sorry to be obliged to decline the invitation, having agreed about a week ago to attend a meeting of the Merrimack County Pomona Grange at Bradford, on Thursday, October 24, and I am already advertised for that occasion.

Truly yours,

D. H. GOODSELL.

713 FULTON ST., TROY, N. Y., OCTOBER 14, 1889.

GENTS.:—Yours of the 10th instant came duly to hand. I thank you very much for your kind invitation, but regret being unable to attend, as it would give me great satisfaction to be in good old Peterborough once more and meet my aged friends. Only age and infirmity prevent. It has always given me great pleasure to visit my native home, especially on such occasions.

Yours very truly,

SARAH T. MOORE.

BELFAST, ME., OCTOBER, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Your circular of October was duly received, and I should be most happy to be with you as a native of Peterborough, N. H. But distance and the infirmities of age prevent me from attending this 150th anniversary of the town.

I shall be eighty-five years old if I live until the last day of this year; was born in 1804, the last day. I shall always cherish the most sweet and grateful memories of Peterborough and its people. I heard Rev. J. H. Morison's address fifty years ago. Still hope to have the privilege of reading the one of the 24th.

I realize time is short and uncertain. Those in life who started with us are nearly all gone; a few remain to remind us of *bygones*, but *many, many*, have gone the way of all the earth; so the oldest man in your town can testify. I am tired and must close. I can write only a little while at a time. Please make due allowance for an aged lady's imperfect letter. Kind regards to all. Wishing you all health and prosperity, I close.

MARY B. PIERCE.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., OCTOBER 16, 1889.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE OF INVITATION:—I regret it is not convenient to accept your kind invitation to attend the sesqui-centennial anniversary. Nothing but distance prevents. I assure you no daughter of old Peterborough would enjoy it more than I. I shall be there in spirit, and enjoy in imagination the festivities in which I can take no part.

Very respectfully yours,

HARRIET WILSON.

146 ELM ST., NORTHAMPTON, MASS., OCTOBER 24, 1889.

TO THE CITIZENS OF PETERBOROUGH. DEAR FRIENDS:—I thank you most sincerely for your cordial invitation to me and mine to be present on the 24th, to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town, but it is entirely impossible for me to be present, only in spirit, which I shall most truly be. May the day be rich with interchange of thoughts and friendly greeting. Pleasant and sad memories come to me as I think of dear old Peterborough. May God be with you and bless you all, is the sincere wish of

Your old friend,

MRS. CHARLES B. FERRY.

The Chairman:

I will now present a gentleman, Rev. A. M. Pendleton of Milford, N. H., who, not a native, was for several years a citizen, and has taken a deeper interest in, and done more for our excellent Town Library than any person now living, who will speak to

“THE TOWN LIBRARY.”

MR PRESIDENT:—If it had been thought of I would gladly have prepared a paper on the town library worthy of your attention, but without preparation perhaps I can show you how long a time it took for the germ to become the perfected institution. The first hint of a free town library I have met with in my reading is found in a powerful and impassioned address of Luther's to the municipal councils of the German towns, exhorting them to establish everywhere Christian schools, both learned and elementary. “The strength of a town,” he says, “does not consist in its towers and buildings, but in counting a great number of learned, serious, honest, well-educated citizens. Do not fancy Hebrew and Greek to be unnecessary. These languages are the sheath which covers the sword of the spirit. How could I have combatted and overthrown pope and sophists, even having the true faith, if I had not possessed the languages?” And then, carried away by his inspiration, he turns aside from his subject to say: “You must found libraries for learned books,—not only the fathers but also the pagan writers, the fine arts, law, history, medicine must be represented in such collections.”

Luther's words were living things, and forthwith the town councils of his dear Germans, as he called them, began to make notable collections of books for the free use of all their citizens. Their example spread into France and Italy, and, indeed, into most of the leading nations of the continent, and doubtless did a great and useful work in the furtherance of the Reformation. But because no stated provision was made for their increase, and because no one then thought of loaning them for home use, they gradually sank into neglect and disuse. Though several of them were more than once revived, and though they continue to exist to this day, the impulse they gained from Luther lost its vital force, and they ceased to be among the forming elements of modern development.

Singularly enough, though general on the continent, they did not cross the channel, and no instance of such a library was to be found in the British Isles, till, stimulated by the foundation of our own Boston public library, the Libraries Act of Great Britain was passed in 1850. But the Pilgrim fathers in their long sojourn in Holland had doubtless become familiar with them, and carried the germ of the public library along with the germ of the common school, the university and the town meeting to this country. The



H. L. LAMB, PHOTOGRAPHER

PETERBOROUGH TOWN HALL.

HELIOTYPE PRINTING CO. BOSTON.



books they carried across seas they ordained in a public statute—which seems almost pathetic now—and they should be preserved with religious care as if the fate of the infant commonwealth was bound up in them, and the curious visitor to that hallowed spot on the wintry coast may still take in his hand with awe the veritable volumes which were the solace and intellectual stimulant of the founders, or their immediate successors, of Plymouth colony.

There was a shadowy library of like character in early Boston, which is several times alluded to in such records as have survived, but which probably perished either in the fires of 1711 or 1747 that twice destroyed the town house and the public records.

For a long time after the germ remained dormant. It did not even occur to sagacious Franklin to give it a new birth. His proprietors' or subscription libraries which, begun in Philadelphia, spread so rapidly over the middle states and New England, till they became a part of the social and intellectual life of almost every considerable town, were essentially private libraries restricted to those who owned or paid for them, and of which Peterboro' had successively two if not three at a very early period of its history. So slow was the progress of an idea that at the close of the eighteenth century there were only two libraries in the country in any sense public, and those, I believe, were both theological.

At last in 1833, Dr. Abiel Abbot, then the minister of the Unitarian church of Peterborough, a lover of books and the founder of two other libraries, conceived the idea and carried into execution the project of a library to be owned by the town, supported by annual town appropriations, managed by a committee of its appointment, and whose volumes should be accessible not only in the library room, but find their way into the humblest as well as the most conspicuous homes, to be the unfailing and perpetual joy of all such of its inhabitants as love the dear companionship of books.

Peterborough Town Library became thus the first instance of its kind in the United States, preceding the Boston Public, which is often claimed as first, by fifteen years. It also antedates all the public libraries of Great Britain and its dependencies by a still longer period, and is therefore the first library to realize the complete idea of a free town library among the hundred millions or more who speak the English tongue on the planet.

Peterborough has no honor greater than this. It is her chiefest crown and glory—always to be held with honorable pride and preserved with a care as sacred as the Pilgrim statute enjoined. It has many wants, chief among which is a building, beautiful for its situation, noble in its proportions, containing many apartments and uses, which will make it a kind of town university, and altogether worthy of its exceptional historic renown. It will require no small sum to build it, and to endow it so that it may be the leading educational institution of the town. I appeal to



you, the returned sons and daughters of Peterborough who have come from near and far to take part in this anniversary, to join with those who keep the old place at home, in making this honored institution, by its outward habitation, and by its endowment, the crowning joy as well as chief honor of Peterborough forever.

The Chairman:

I see with us here to-day one with whom in boyhood I went to school, who learned his trade in the printing office in this town, and afterwards became proprietor of the establishment and editor of the paper, who for several years past has been the editor and publisher of an important weekly in another portion of the State, and who has recently been honored by the district in which he resides to an election to the N. H. Senate. I refer to Hon. E. H. Cheney of Lebanon, N. H., and invite him to speak to the theme,

“THE PRINTERS OF PETERBOROUGH.”

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS:—What best befits this day, it may be, is wit and humor; yet it has its serious side. Fill up the hours as we will with mirth-provoking reminiscence, till “laughter holding both its sides” confront us, we can but heave a sigh as we recall joys that shall never return, and faces we shall know no more. I recall a bit of boyish indignation over the fact that I was not deemed old enough to attend the centennial. In families such as you and I, sir, represent, so common on those days, so rare to-day, it was necessary to draw the line somewhere. The one-horse shay and the thoroughbrace wagon would not hold all; so I was left at home with two younger sisters to bother the hired girl, while the rest of the dozen went to the centennial. If any little Peterborians have been left at home to-day against their will, I hope they will harbor their resentment as long as I have harbored mine, and come here to tell it fifty years from to-day.

A picture comes to mind. The scene is the little, low, square, brick school house on “Winnie Row,” old No. 9, where, only, I knew the district school. I see yourself, of a bright winter morning, clad, trousers and long frock, in the blue and white striped frocking of the period, made from wool grown on the farm, spun and woven in the home—all wool, a yard wide and no shoddy—warm as a mother’s love and almost as enduring. I see you coming in, when the school is rapped to order, from your frolic in the snow, cheeks all aglow with health. You enter the door, turn to the left, march up one of those steep aisles, the hot breath puffing out of your mouth in great clouds, and congealing in an atmosphere not yet sufficiently tempered by a tardily kindled and reluctant fire—yourself and fully thirty like you. Gen. Ira Cross among them, takes his seat by my side, and I playfully cut with my hand the hot breath issuing from his mouth. It seems but yesterday.

Up the opposite slope march as many red cheeked girls, or more—the fairest, save one, my eyes have ever rested on—clad in homespun, woolen gowns. O, for one look to-day at the reality of this picture as it comes to me through the years.

And what a responsibility rested on the Dartmouth freshman or sophomore who for the time being presided over these three or four score youth. How reverently, sometimes mischievously, we looked up to him.

“And still we gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
How one small head could carry all he knew.”

Nor did we fail to measure with keen eye the “ferule” which he brandished as an emblem of his authority. Nor yet the pile of goose quills on his desk, shaped into pens for our use by his skillful hands. How these pictures will come back to us. Nor those alone of the day school. Around the churches of Peterborough cluster a multitude of tender, and some sacred memories. Three of the present church structures were erected in the half decade of which I speak, immediately following the centennial. It was an era of church building. With what interest we watched the progress of each and saw it dedicated with due solemnity.

It was here after my return from the academy, that I learned at the hands of a lamented brother of yours, but little my senior, the “art preservative.” Here, too, with another lamented brother of yours as my model, I first felt the dignity and responsibility of saying “we” instead of “I.” Receiving the *Transcript* at the hands of these, I turned it over, two years later, to yourself.

The village lyceum, and debating societies; the dramatic exhibitions; the spelling schools; the writing schools; the singing schools, and for some, but not for me, the dancing schools. That single rope swing in front of the old academy on which we boys used to swing out at full length over the road and around the single tree upon the bank; I wondered, as I looked to-day, if it can be the same lone tree that stands there still. The swing in the rear of the academy in which we used to swing the girls till we were out of breath; the big swing in the woods between the paper mill and the Wilder peg mill; the games of ball upon the school house green; the parties where we sometimes “went to Rome”; the sleigh rides; what wonders of sleigh rides Peterborough used to have—a hundred or a hundred and fifty couples at a time, on the road to Keene, with the merry jingle of bells and the merrier laugh of thrice a hundred voices. Our coasting and our skating days; the May trainings and the musters. I recall especially that muster of the old 22d regiment in September, 1844, with its visiting organizations—the Jaffrey Rifles and the Dublin Grenadiers of the old 12th regiment, and others from other regiments whose names I forget. The line at the morning dress parade extended

from the old Bell Factory down Main street to beyond the granite bridge.

What forms, what voices do we thus recall. Who will deny us a sigh that they are gone forever? I would not call them back. The rough places of life might come with them. And its mistakes; who would live them over? How fortunate it is that we live over and over and over again our joys, and forget our sorrows almost so soon as they are fled. The fittest survives, even in our memory.

Peterborough has been fortunate, though I do say it, in the character of its local press—clean, pure, wholesome, healthful, fit to be in the family through all its history. You cannot too highly prize it. I pity him and the community cursed by his presence, who, charged with the duty to say what shall and what shall not go into the local paper, forgets that tremendous consequences to some hang on the character of what he admits to its columns, and forgets that for the right discharge of his duty he is responsible to Almighty God. Dear old *Transcript*—at once my mother and my child; this heart of mine is ever yours.

I rejoice to see that Peterborough faces the rising sun, and to note as evidence this commodious opera house and yonder school house. It would have been a pity to celebrate this day with the school house problem unsolved. It is up hill business—this facing the future. Sitting where we do, sir, turn which way we will, the incline is steep; the hills are all around. Yonder summit may be a trifle higher than the rest, but *sunrise is over there*. The founders of this village, as if to symbolize the spirit that was in them, buried their dead on the summit of sunrise hill. They seemed to say, "No rest till we reach the top." Men and women of Peterborough! Would you be not degenerate sons and daughters of noble sires and dames? Then gather out of the past all that is best in it; but face the rising sun—your motto: "No rest till you reach the top."

In conclusion, permit me to read a few lines which, almost so soon as your kind invitation called these hallowed memories to mind, I had put into very imperfect verse, as embodying the thoughts which most possess me.

#### THOSE FRIENDS OF OTHER DAYS.

O, where are the friends of my earlier days?  
Gone out through the world in devious ways.  
But, revered though never so widely apart,  
Those friends of my childhood are dear to my heart.

Gone out through the world? Some fallen by the way,  
And entered, alas! on eternity's day.  
Alas! did I say? O, why do we weep  
O'er friends of our childhood fallen asleep?

The joys of our springtime are ended and gone,  
And faded the visions that once were our own.  
With tread less elastic, and locks silvering o'er,  
We, too, are approaching the evergreen shore.

But friends near at home and friends far away  
Are gathered this sesqui-centennial day.  
To revive hallowed memories and join friendly hands,  
We are come from our homes in far and near lands.

We are come from the South; we are come from the North—  
Wherever life's duties have beckoned us forth.  
We are come from the East; we are come from the West,  
Bend o'er us, old friends, in the realms of the blest.

Bend o'er us, old friends, though hidden from view,  
And with us, in spirit, old friendships renew.  
Though the days when we mingled are left far behind,  
It can never be true—"Out of sight, out of mind."

'Mid feasting of reason and flowing of soul,  
Of the living and dead let us here call the roll;  
Then, returned to life's duties, with vigor pursue  
Our way, as before us it opens to view.

"We are gathering home, one by one." Be it ours  
With love and with goodness to fill up the hours.  
They shall pass swiftly o'er us—these few years to come;  
And the friends gone before us shall welcome us home.

The Chairman:

MR. PRESIDENT:—It now gives me great pleasure to introduce to this assembly one of the oldest, most honored, and best loved of our native citizens; one whose wise and pure counsel has benefited all peoples who have been privileged to listen to his eloquent words; one who having partially laid aside the mantle of labor, has come back to us as a citizen, and who was the orator of the day fifty years ago—the Rev. Dr. John H. Morison, whose topic will be,

"PETERBOROUGH HOMES."

In his impromptu remarks Dr. Morison, in speaking of "our homes," quoted a sentiment given fifty years ago by Gen. James Miller, one of the two Peterborough men who gained what might be called a national reputation. The words quoted were, "May we encourage literature, revere religion, and love one another."

"It would be difficult," he said, "to find words which, in a short compass, would better indicate the character of a Christian home, especially as illustrated by the home in which Gen. Miller had his early training. I remember the house in which his parents resided seventy-five years ago. It was a low, one story cottage, in size and shape very much like that in which Robert Burns was born. His parents lived to be nearly 90 years old, and if they knew little of literature, they certainly excelled in the other qualities commended by their son. His reputation was that of a soldier, but a man of a more reverent nature or a more tender heart could not be found. The home into which he was born was admirably fitted

to cherish such a spirit and to form such a character. And the home in which he lived after he retired from the governorship of Alabama was marked by the same simple habits and kindly affections as long as he or his children lived.

In like manner the only other son of Peterborough who gained a national reputation, was born in a home fitted to call out the great qualities of mind and character for which he was distinguished. The father was a mild, thoughtful, upright man, liberal in many ways, but especially so in his ideas of family government, leaving to his children a wide margin for freedom of thought and action, where they were left to decide for themselves. His wife was of a more impulsive and authoritative disposition. If, as one who remembered her well once said to me, "She kept the scold a going," it came not so much from a bad temper as from an excess of energy, which must find relief in some kind of forcible utterance. Like most persons of that generation, she spoke in a strongly marked Scotch dialect, and was always ready with a keen repartee. When her son, having got a little book learning, undertook to comment on his mother's ungrammatical language, she sharply replied: "But wha taught you language? It was my wheel; and when ye'll hae spun as many lang three threads to teach me grammar as I hae to teach you, I'll talk better grammar."

There was a keen sense of humor in the household, and nothing called it out so unmercifully as the presence of anything mean or dishonest. There was great intellectual activity among all the children, but especially with Jeremiah, who in his early years was haunted by an overpowering longing for knowledge. The boy would sometimes walk off four or five miles in quest of a book, and make himself in no small measure, master of its contents on his way back. Books were scarce. But in his home there was one book looked up to with reverence by them all. And that book, appealing to what is deepest and highest in our nature, did more than all others, not only to color but to create, the atmosphere of thought, emotion and affection in which they lived, and by which their characters were formed.

Such was the home in which he had his early training, and the home in which he lived when he retired from the active business of life was pre-eminently distinguished by all the characteristics of which I have spoken. It was my great privilege in early youth to be received as a member of Judge Smith's family. His son was a man of rare intellectual endowments and personal attractions, and his daughter was endowed in a remarkable degree with the virtues, the intellectual attainments, the affections and graces which enrich and adorn a Christian home, while he himself was always looked up to with filial reverence as the source and object of loving devotion. But in one short season, when he was nearly seventy years old, all his family, his wife, his daughter and his son,

were taken from him, and he was left in the world alone. But afterward the home was renewed. A wife, even more richly endowed than the daughter had been, was placed at the head of the household. Never had its beneficent influences on its inmates, or on those who from without were drawn to it, been more richly felt. And the last years of that great man's life, cheered and helped as he was by the angel at his side, were even more blessed than those which had gone before.

Here, under more favorable auspices, with larger means and opportunities, was the natural expansion or evolution of the early Peterborough home. Those homes, scattered as they were throughout the town—no one knew them better than I did as a boy. There was homely fare, and a plenty of hard work. But there were the hardy virtues, the tender affections, the devout reverence, the thoughtful habits, the contentment, the sweetness and the light, which may give encouragement and life and growth to all that is holiest and best in our nature. From such homes in the darkest days of our rebellion came forth the valor and the worth which saved the nation. When, after the terrible disasters of the second Bull Run, I found that sixty-two young men from the homes of this small town had offered themselves, I no longer had any doubt as to the result of the war. These homes, and such as they, have been so associated with all that is dearest to us, and in their very poverty so richly endowed with all that should be most precious and sacred, that I would say of them, as I heard Daniel Webster say, the tears rolling down his cheeks as he spoke, that 'I can hardly think of them without emotion, or speak of them without tears.' So long as such homes continue, our country, its churches, its schools, its laws and its liberties are safe."

The speaker closed with a few words to illustrate the tender and softening influences of these homes.

The Chairman:

It is an old and oft repeated saying that the "Press is mightier than the sword." I will call upon John Scott, Esq., of the *Transcript* to respond to the toast,

"THE LOCAL PRESS."

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The history of the press of Peterborough is almost spanned by my lifetime. At the centennial celebration there was no local newspaper, and previous to that time but two small journals had sustained a brief and precarious existence. In the absence of the newspaper, the post office, the corner store, and the ladies' sewing circle, were the principal mediums for disseminating the news of the day, and with commendable zeal and fidelity was the self-imposed task performed.

The first newspaper in town was printed in the old Joel Brown store building, near the granite bridge, by Wm. P. and John S.

Dunbar. Its first number appeared in the latter part of 1829, under the somewhat top heavy title of "*The Hillsboro' Republican and New Hampshire Clarion*." It was a small sheet, well edited by Rev. Elijah Dunbar, and closed its existence April 29, 1831, at the age of about one year and five months.

The second Paper was "*The Phoenix Gazette*," printed by Miller & Bradbury, in the year 1832, previous to the election of Andrew Jackson to his second term of the presidency. It was a warm supporter of his administration. The names of the committee of the opposing party, were Timothy K. Ames and Timothy Fox. The principal traders in the place at that time were "Brown & Wilson," "Smith & Thompson," and "Wm. H. Rodgers." Ashley Loring was the "hatter," and Jonathan Locke of Greenfield, "cloth dresser." The following editorial is a specimen of the political feeling of those days:

On which side of the fence is Deacon Boylston now? We ask for information, for really we supposed from appearance that the Deacon had got into the wrong *pew*. There is comfort for him however now—a crumb of consolation from the Antimasonic election in Pennsylvania. What do you think, Deacon, of antimasonry. Is it not beautiful to see "Kindred and friends agree each?"

The Clay men say *if* Penn., *if* New York, *if* Ohio, *if* Kentucky, *if* Vermont, and *if* a dozen more States vote for anti-Jackson electors, and *if* all the antimason and federal electors vote for Clay he will be elected. So *if* the comet should happen to light on the top of Monadnock Mountain and flourish his fiery tail for ten miles round, there would be but little use for candles in Dublin and Jaffrey. One *if* is as good as another.

Of the length of the life of this publication we have no record, but it must have been brief, probably closing with the political campaign.

The third newspaper, and not the second, as stated in the History of Peterborough, was a little sheet published by S. P. Brown, and was called "*The Peterborough Messenger*." It was started in the summer of 1847, but after an existence of ten months, died, like its predecessors, of that ever popular cause of death—*heart failure*.

The collapse of *The Messenger* found its proprietor indebted to John R. Miller, our worthy President of the Day, for a somewhat extended service as journeyman printer. After waiting a time with patience, or, possibly, impatience, for his pay, Mr. Miller levied an execution upon the office, which came into his possession at a price smaller than the sum claimed in the writ; and to this day the balance of \$150, with interest, remains unpaid, unless perchance, Mr. Miller considers the honor of having been the founder of the *Transcript* as full equivalent for the debt.

Admitting Kendall C. Scott to partnership in the fall of 1848, job work failing to occupy the time of both, the publication of "*The Contoocook Transcript*" was commenced on Saturday, June 2, 1849, under the firm name of Miller & Scott, adopting as their

motto, "The Faithful are certain of their Reward." The paper from the start was a live one, and many of its editorials would have done credit to a more pretentious sheet.

[A copy of Vol. I., No. 4, of the *Contoocook Transcript*, printed Saturday, June 23, 1849, and heavily draped in mourning for President James K. Polk, who died the Sunday previous, was exhibited to the audience.]

In May, 1851, K. C. Scott became sole proprietor, and he in turn a year or two later sold out to Elias H. Cheney, who had just completed his apprenticeship in the office. It was during Mr. Cheney's administration that the motto was changed to "We'll Try, Sir."

Upon closing his connection with the *Transcript*, Mr. Miller worked as journeyman printer about six months in the state of New York, after which he returned to Peterborough, deserted the craft, and became a dispenser of drugs, in which occupation he still continues. From a financial point of view his course was a wise one, for squills, pills, poultices, plasters, ipecac, Epsom salts, castor oil, calomel, and kindred luxuries the masses will have, but it is only the more intellectual and cultured people who feel that the newspaper is indispensable.

March 7, 1855, Charles Scott became sole proprietor, and continued to fill the editorial chair until November 20, 1856, when K. C. Scott again purchased the office, which remained in his possession until November 18, 1865, when your humble servant was admitted to partnership, and March 1st, 1866, bargained for the other half of the business. March 3, 1866, the *Transcript* was issued by John Scott & Co., the "Co." being more a myth than a reality.

Before another week had rolled round, however, a partnership had been formed between Joseph Farnum and myself. Since that time we have continued to work in double harness, and to-day, if I mistake not, as members of the firm of Farnum & Scott, we represent the oldest business partnership in town.

With the exception of the time when Mr. Cheney presided over its destinies, some member of my family has been connected with the *Transcript*, and it was for many years a fondly cherished hope that I might some day be succeeded by one of my progeny, but the death of my sunny-faced, happy-hearted little boy renders it hardly probable that the name of Scott will much longer be connected with your local newspaper.

The last motto which graced the first page of the *Transcript*, and adopted by K. C. Scott, was "Our Local Interests," and from first to last we believe that our local interests have been zealously promoted by its several proprietors.

Permit me to read briefly from an article from the pen of E. H. Cheney, and published January 4, 1854. While discussing the best means of promoting the business prosperity of the town he says:



We cannot help thinking, that if Peterborough does not reach that degree of prosperity which, a few years ago, she seemed destined to enjoy, she must take to herself all the blame. If our business men would interest themselves in this matter, and make one-half the exertions that are made in many places which we could mention, not a single year would pass without changing the entire aspect of things in Peterborough. We believe that with no extraordinary effort, and without any great outlay of capital, much of our water power might be used to great advantage, and made to advance the best interests of the town. But our main object in writing this article is to direct the attention of our wealthy citizens, and owners of real estate to one branch of manufacturing business which might be carried on here successfully, and tend as much as anything else to improve the value of their property, and give an increased impulse to all kinds of business. We allude to the manufacture of shoes. This appears to be just the place for carrying on this business on a large scale, and we have often wondered that the matter did not arrest the attention of those whom we know to be anxious to promote the best interests of the town.

"All things come to those who wait," and Mr. Cheney is here to see our town blessed, and not cursed as some would have it, with a grand shoe manufacturing establishment.

That the tone of the *Transcript* has always been loyal and patriotic none will deny. Its position at the breaking out of the war is briefly stated in the following short extracts from an editorial written one week before the fall of Sumter by a brother of mine who has since passed to the silent majority:

We are persistently and unequivocally for peace in every contingency, but one. The South may unite under the confederate constitution—may throw all protection over chattel slavery that they can—may legislate that it is right in principle and practically advantageous to the States—may bring to the stake and halter every abolitionist that is unfortunate enough to be caught in their midst—may shackle free speech and a free press—in fine may establish, strengthen and perpetuate the vilest, most absolute and relentless despotism there is on the face of the earth—and still we are for peace. \* \* \* \* \* The only contingency in which war will be justifiable, will be when the safety and preservation of the great principles of human brotherhood and equality established by the revolutionary struggle demand it. Let the wolves and hyenas howl so long as they do not attack us, but when they have shed one drop of the blood of the patriots who still stand firm and brave under the folds of the flag of their country, preferring death in its defence to desertion, it will be time for the great heart of the nation to quicken its pulsations, and patriotic union-loving freemen of the North to stiffen their sinews for the conflict.

That these words echoed the patriotic sentiment of this community—peace at any cost, save dishonor—the names on the bronze tablet in yonder grove, the graves we annually decorate, and the number here who wear the veteran's badge, give ample testimony. Of the *Transcript* under its present administration I will not speak. It is familiar to you, being a weekly visitor in most of your homes. Many of you have been subscribers from the first issue until the present time. Long may it continue to be worthy of your support.

The Chairman:

I will now call upon W. D. Chase, M. D., to respond to the toast,

"THE MEDICAL PROFESSION."

**MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:**—What the world has accomplished during the past fifty years is a question of great interest, and the answer returned is full of gratification.

Perhaps in no period in the world's history has such a great revolution taken place in the industrial, mechanical, political and social conditions, as during the past five decades. The spirit of inquiry and investigation has entered into every art and science. In no department has there been more painstaking experiments and patient investigation than in the art and science of medicine. Time will not allow me even to hint at the discoveries made as to the minute structure of the human body, of the physiology of the brain, the wonderful achievements of surgery, the knowledge of the causes of diseases and the laws that govern them. Most of the progress of the world is accomplished by slow, patient toil and study, but occasionally there appears a genius who opens up new fields of discoveries and investigation. Of such a genius is M. Pasteur of Paris. His attention was called to the subject of the fermentation of beer and wine. He found that the change called fermentation was caused by the growth of a micro-organism that lived upon some element in the wine until that element was consumed. He found the process of putrefaction was brought about by the same process. As soon as the life passes out of an animal organism it is fallen upon by myriads of organisms that live upon it until it is all consumed. This and other discoveries, similar in character, led the French government to ask Pasteur to investigate the cause of the disease that was destroying the silk-worm. The silk culture is a great industry in the south of France. Some disease had fallen upon the worm, and the industry was threatened with ruin. Various theories were advanced as to the cause of the disease, and hundreds of remedies suggested, but nothing was of any avail.

Pasteur found that this disease was caused by a micro-organism that lived and flourished upon the worm until it was destroyed. No curative means could be found, but there are to be seen in all of the silk worm nurseries in France to-day boys and girls with microscopes examining the moth and their eggs, and all of the unhealthy ones are destroyed. The silk industry of France was thus preserved.

Time will not permit us to speak of the work he accomplished in the study of splenic fever which was rapidly destroying the cattle and sheep of France, and the means he suggested to stay the disease or his more recent work in hydrophobia, but suffice it to say that he opened a field in which others have entered with fruitful results.

It is a generally adopted theory, to-day, that infectious diseases are caused by living organisms. In fact Koch of Berlin has es-

established the fact that consumption is caused by a bacillus that lives and flourishes upon the human organism. Curative measures in infectious diseases may never be found, but preventative means will be, and wide spread plagues and epidemics will be things of the past.

I have spoken more particularly of the work of Pasteur to show the line of investigation at the present time, and the beneficent results that may be expected from it.

I wish very briefly to speak of the physicians who filled this field for a large portion of the last fifty years: Drs. William Follansbee, Albert Smith, and Daniel B. Cutter, men who ever took a deep interest in the educational, religious, financial and social affairs of the town.

Dr. Follansbee commenced his practice in town in 1826, and died in 1867. He was a good physician and an upright man. A man of good judgment and of rare tact and ability.

Dr. Smith commenced his practice in town in 1838, and died in 1878. He was a man of wide culture and attainments. He was not only familiar with the literature of his own profession but in general literature. He was professor in the medical department at Dartmouth college for twenty-three years. He contributed articles to the medical journals and medical societies, but his chief literary work was as historian of his native town, Peterborough, which does credit to his painstaking investigation and scholarly tastes. He came of a family noted for their intellectual ability and high moral character, and well did Dr. Smith maintain the good name of the family.

Dr. Cutter, who, I am pleased to say, is still with us, commenced his practice in town in 1833, but on account of infirmities and advancing years has not been in active work for some time. He was a good physician and an honorable man. He has given some attention to literary matters, being the author of the history of his native town, Jaffrey, N. H., which does credit to his patient research and literary ability. Long may he live to enjoy the fruits of an honorable career.

Of the successors of these physicians we shall refrain from speaking, leaving their merits or demerits to be spoken of by others, only hoping that they may leave behind them as honorable a name and record as their predecessors.

The Chairman :

Peterborough has given to the practise of law many eminent men who have honored the profession and been a credit to the town. I will ask Gen. D. M. White to respond to the sentiment,

“THE LAWYERS OF PETERBOROUGH.”

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Peterborough is the land of my birth. Her babbling brooks and rushing rivers, her

green pastures and flowery meadows, her beautiful valleys and grand old hills, are ever suggesting happy incidents of my boyhood days. The farm and the school are remembered as an epoch filled brim full with hard work and trials, while the office, the struggle for success, the business responsibility, mark periods of sterner realities which are ever filling my mind with vivid recollections of later days. The reminiscences of the grand old town, the memory of her social and industrious people who have been my associates in business and pleasure, the happiness that has clustered around a happy home with a loving wife and dear children in it, awakens in my heart on this centennial day, when absent sons and daughters return to the land of their nativity for a reunion of hearts and an interchange of greetings, thoughts which lend a charm to my whole life, although those memories and associations are not unalloyed with grief and sadness. Here I have spent the greater part of my life. I am proud to be recorded as one of the sons of this town, so many of whom have distinguished themselves in all of the learned professions and in all the trades and callings of active business life.

It is now one hundred and fifty years since Peterborough was incorporated as a town and assumed all the advantages and was vested with all the rights and privileges of a municipality, accorded to New Hampshire townships at that time. Fifty years ago the good people then living who had been identified with the interests and instrumental in developing the growth and progress of Peterborough, assembled to celebrate in a commendable way the results of the labor and enterprise of her citizens during the first one hundred years. The success that had been attained, the prosperity that had been acquired, and the happiness that had been enjoyed was not accomplished by any one class of her citizens. The ministers, the doctors, the tradesmen, the manufacturers, the farmers, the artisans, the laborers—even the lawyers—and last but not least, the noble women of those early days—the true wives and fond mothers of that period—were all contributors to the success and all were common recipients of those blessings which their frugality and industry secured. We have now reached the milestone of the third half century, and we have come together on this beautiful autumnal day, beneath a bright sun and a clear sky, surrounded on every hand by the gorgeous beauty of a landscape of which none but a New Englander can boast, and which none but the hand of God can present, to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of this grand old town, with its picturesque beauty, nestling as it does in this charming valley on either side of our Contoocook, stretching far up on the hillside in every direction, to celebrate this epoch in a manner, I trust, as becomes a sober, thoughtful, industrious, God fearing, liberty loving, law abiding people.

The history of our town has been written. In it has been told

the story of her professional, industrial and social affairs of life. Many of us know that story by heart, while some of you who are assembled here today have had the good fortune of a personal acquaintance with many of the progressive men and women who have moved the wheels of industry at home, and with other of her sons and daughters who were raised and instructed here, and then went forth into other towns and states and become true and worthy representatives of the hardy and enterprising stock from which they sprang, and whose influence of mind, and strength of muscle, and force of character, and goodness of purpose, has been felt and recognized in the march of progress, as a power in educational interests, in the learned professions, and in all the varied and industrial pursuits of life wherever they may have been.

What a panorama of social, local and national events is presented to our mind though we are removed only one hundred and fifty years from the incorporation of the town, as we look back over this period of time and review our history. One hundred and fifty years embracing the lifetime of several generations, yet it is but the morning hour of the day that is to come in measuring the duration of our Republic and the glory and grandeur it is to attain. What hopes and fears have crowded in upon the hearts and minds of the people who have lived in this valley and dwelt upon our everlasting hills; how many fond hopes must have been shattered, how many realized; what hardships and privations endured incident to a new home in a primeval forest; the encroachment of the home government upon the rights our fathers sought to establish in the New World; the perilous act and uncertain result of secession from the mother country; the declaration of independence, the war of the Revolution culminating in victory; the dawn of peace; the establishment of the National Government under the Constitution; the bloody and sanguinary wars with the Indians; the war of 1812 which resulted in securing the honor of the American flag on land and sea, teaching England a lesson which was as costly to her as it was humiliating, that the rights and liberties of American citizens which were acquired as the result of the Revolution, were forever to be respected and recognized; the establishment of the Monroe doctrine, in which the people of the United States said to all the world, "lay not your hands ruthfully upon us," and which has ever since been recognized as a well defined principle of American diplomacy; the war with Mexico, which was brought to an early and successful termination, resulting in extensive and valuable acquisitions to the United States, extending our boundaries from ocean to ocean, the agitation of the slavery question; the war of the Rebellion, a cruel conflict waged on the one hand by a deluded, misguided people for the establishment of a precept, wicked in its conception and felonious in purpose, and resisted on the other hand by the valor and patriotism

of a brave and determined people; a war in which more brave men were sacrificed on the field of battle, and more wealth expended and property destroyed in carrying on the conflict for the preservation and perpetuation of self government than has been lost and expended in all the wars from the days when Napoleon left the field of Waterloo.

Great financial embarrassments have marked with a black letter different periods of our country's existence, wrecking commercial enterprise, while a thousand and one trials have beset our progress, under which a nation of less will and perseverance than the American people would have ignominiously failed. To-day how different are the circumstances of this generation. We look out upon our beautiful and happy homes, our productive farms, our domestic and thriving manufactories. We also look out upon a country made busy and active with the lives of sixty-five millions of people who are at peace within themselves and with the whole civilized world; and as we look about us, and behold with pride and admiration what our ancestors have produced here in Peterborough and know how well they wrought, when we take a broader view and partially comprehend what has been accomplished in our country, when we realize that this local thrift and progress, and all of these great national events and local achievements which have changed the circumstances and conditions of the whole human race, and influenced for the better all the nations of the earth, have transpired, and been accomplished since the day when the first adventurous pioneer invaded the wilderness that darkened these waters and shaded these hillsides, and whose ax was then heard ringing up and down these valleys, opening up the forests and letting in the sunlight of God to warm and kiss the earth which had never been disturbed, making it a fit and beautiful place for the comfort and abode of man—when we comprehend all this I say, notwithstanding our ambition and enthusiasm, our hearts command us to halt on this 150th anniversary of our incorporation as a town; sober minded reflection also commands us to-day to stand still, for a day, to turn the mind backward, and as we review our history, and listen to the story of this people, we find that Peterborough has indeed just cause to be proud of her sons and daughters.

They might have been seen and may now be found occupying honorable positions in all the industrial and professional callings of an active and busy life. Her sturdy and honest yeomanry, her ingenious mechanics and skilled artisans are inferior to none. The doctors she has produced have stood high in their profession. Her learned ministers of the gospel as a rule have been earnest workers in the cause of Christianity, and consistent men walking above reproach. Peterborough has a right to celebrate over the events accomplished by her children whether at home or abroad, because

they have been identified with the history and development of the *whole* country. Why, sir, we are *lost*, *actually* LOST in wonder and amazement at the thought of what this young Republic has accomplished in this short time. It is a waste of time to talk about the weakness and instability of a republic. Since the organization of our government, kingdoms and empires have virtually vanished from the face of the earth, and republics have sprung up and are now flourishing on the same soil. Thrones and dynasties have crumbled and fallen into oblivion, and yet the American republic to-day is the strongest, the wealthiest, the best, most acceptable government on the face of God's whole earth. She is growing stronger and stronger every day by the virtue, wisdom, and good sense of her people. She is making wonderful progress in everything pertaining to civilization. She is developing her wonderful natural resources. Her vast mountains of gold, silver, copper, coal, lead, iron and granite are being made to yield up their treasure of wealth for the use and benefit of man. Her great manufactories, watched over by the most heroic and sagacious business men of the age, aided by the keenest ingenuity of the human mind, are outstripping the manufactories of the old world. She is rich in intellectual and moral worth, in her educational and scientific attainments, which are laying broad and deep the foundation for permanent self government, around which the storms of local passion and prejudice can play with harmless impunity, and against which the assaults of the combined nations of the earth cannot prevail. It is marvellous, Mr. President, to contemplate. It is wonderful to behold!

You have listened to-day fellow citizens to pleasing and eloquent remarks from gentlemen speaking upon subjects and institutions connected with Peterborough, which are and always have been of great interest to us—her schools, her manufacturing and industrial pursuits, her military record, her Irish American citizens, her doctors, her ministers, the early homes and mothers of Peterborough, all of which have been powerful factors and controlling agencies in our progress and development. To me, Mr. Chairman, you have assigned the honor and agreeable duty of speaking for another class of our fellow citizens, a class who are always able to speak for *themselves*, and always willing to speak for *others* when well paid for it; a class who are not to be, and who from the very nature of their calling and their existence among you, never can be forgotten, a class who have done more, if I may be pardoned for being egotistical, not for myself, but for the whole fraternity, for the *material*, to say nothing about the *spiritual* prosperity of the town than any one class of her citizens, and which has been done in that self sacrificing, gracious, unbegrudging manner that always commends itself to a Christian community, yet, as a matter of fact, and in order to save a contradiction of my state-

ment upon a point, which in itself is quite natural and cannot be successfully defended, I am willing to concede, that while they have been honored and trusted servants of the community, they have been only human, and most generally, when serving public and private enterprise with what they have had, which has principally been, "undivided support" and "gratuitous advice," have had an eye open for themselves, sometimes, of course, just the same as the doctors and ministers have! I refer to and am speaking of "The Lawyers of Peterborough," and I suppose, Mr. President and fellow citizens, that in listening to what I have said, you have been asking yourselves, what has all this to do with the lawyers of Peterborough, or what have the lawyers of Peterborough had to do with all this? Why, sir, they have had a great deal to do with all this. In the brief time allowed me in which to prepare to speak for this profession, I have been unable to procure facts and dates such as would enable me to do justice to the learning, ability and character of each one of them individually, so instead of following the old stereotyped way of saying *good things* about *good men*, I have referred to the progress, development and prosperity of our town and nation in a general way, embracing principles almost entirely of a public character, instead of dwelling upon individual characteristics of those men, and in that way speak words of praise and commendation of the "Lawyers of Peterborough" by showing that they have contributed toward all this, and have to a greater or less degree been instrumental in accomplishing these great and grand results.

My fellow citizens, go back with me to 1777, and we find the boy Jerry Smith fighting the battles of his country at Bennington, and in 1787 after having been educated at Harvard and Rutgers Colleges we find him practicing law in this town as the first lawyer who settled here, where he remained ten years, and it is said of him, and to his credit, that he never found time to encourage or to engage in the petty law suits of the citizens, which, according to all accounts were numerous and often bitter. While he remained in Peterborough he served three terms in the State legislature, during which time he revised the laws of New Hampshire. He was a conspicuous member of the convention which framed the present State constitution. In 1790 he was elected as representative to the second congress of the United States, being elected to that office during four successive terms, serving with distinction through the most important period of our country's history. In 1797 he was appointed United States District Attorney for New Hampshire. In 1800 he was appointed Judge of Probate for Rockingham County. In 1801 he was appointed Judge of the United States Circuit Court for the District of New Hampshire. In 1802 he was appointed Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Judicature in New Hampshire, which office he held until 1809, when he was



chosen Governor of the State. In 1810 he resumed his practice at the bar, and in 1813 was again appointed Chief Justice of New Hampshire, and continued in office until 1816, at which time, after a conspicuous and honorable career, he withdrew from public life and again resumed his profession, which he followed until 1820, and then retired from active practice. He died in 1842 at the age of eighty-two years. As a lawyer, legislator, judge of probate, judge of the District Court of the United States, chief justice of the Superior Court of New Hampshire, governor, and representative in Congress, his acts and deeds shine forth prominently and clearly in the history of the State. He was truly "a sage of the law," without doubt was one of the ablest men New Hampshire ever produced, and above all and over all, he was a citizen of stainless character and an honest man. Such, briefly told, was the brilliant and honorable career of the first lawyer who ever practiced in Peterborough. Now my friends, if you will follow me down through the generations from that time to the present, a period of one hundred and two years, you will be able to catch a bird's eye view of what the "Lawyers of Peterborough" have done, how they have been engaged, and many of you knowing them as you have, can gather some inspiration from the active lives and honorable deeds of the men for whom I am speaking.

Since the days of Jeremiah Smith to the present time there have been seventeen lawyers located in Peterborough, viz.: Jeremiah Smith, James Wilson, Stephen P. Steele, James Walker, Artemas L. Holmes, David J. Clark, Edward S. Cutter, Charles G. Cheney, George A. Ramsdell, Cornelius V. Dearborn, Albert S. Scott, Eugene Lewis, Riley B. Hatch, Ezra M. Smith, Frank G. Clarke, James F. Brennan and myself. Of this number seven of them, viz.: Jeremiah Smith, James Wilson, Stephen P. Steele, Artemas L. Holmes, Albert S. Scott, James F. Brennan, and myself are natives of the town.

To sum up what they have done during the one hundred and two years, I am only able to speak of their lives and character, of their social, public and private qualities as men, and allude to their work and worth in a general way, because it is my purpose at this time to speak in an individual manner of the learning and ability of but a few of these men, and the uprightness with which they have discharged the varied duties and responsible trusts which their fellow citizens have called upon them to perform.

Prominent among the first lawyers who practiced in Peterborough and who followed immediately after Jeremiah Smith, was James Wilson, a native of this town. He was born August 16, 1766, and graduated from Harvard College in 1789. He read law with Judge Lincoln of Worcester and Judge Jeremiah Smith of Peterborough, and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1792 and commenced practice in Peterborough, where he remained

for twenty-three years, after which, in 1815 he removed to Keene. He was a man and a lawyer of no ordinary ability and won for himself by his tact, legal acumen, and fidelity to his clients, an enviable reputation among the lawyers, not only in Hillsborough and Cheshire Counties where he had an extensive practice, but throughout the State. For thirteen consecutive years he represented this town in the popular branch of the legislature, which of itself is a compliment, proclaiming to this and succeeding generations the confidence that his fellow citizens had in his integrity and ability. He was also elected to the eleventh congress by the Federalists in 1809, but served only one term as about that time the Federalist party began to lose its power and influence. He died at Keene, N. H., in 1849, aged seventy-three years, honored and respected by all who knew him.

Stephen P. Steele is another of the pioneer lawyers of Peterborough. He was born in this town July 26, 1784, graduated at Williams college in 1809, read law in the office of James Wilson in Peterborough, and practiced his profession here from the time he was admitted to the bar, about 1812, until about the time of his death in 1857. He represented the town in the legislature two years, and served as a delegate to the constitutional convention in 1850. He was a lawyer of fair ability and always evinced a lively interest in the affairs of Peterborough.

James Walker, a son of Peterborough by adoption, was another conspicuous character in the legal fraternity of the town. Born in Rindge in 1784, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1804. He came to Peterborough in 1814 and began the practice of law, which he continued with success until the time of his death, which occurred in 1854. He was a man who stood eminent in his profession, a man of brains and intellectual ability, with a strong mind and unbending force of purpose. He was a man whom many of the older inhabitants remember well. Many of you remember him I presume, partially on account of his quaint unyielding mind, uncommon traits of character, and freaks of eccentric habits peculiar to James Walker alone, and partially from his good citizenship, his true worth as a friend and sterling integrity as a man. From what I have been able to learn about Mr. Walker, which has been obtained principally from some of the older residents, I am happily led to believe, that he was indeed one of the remarkable men of his age and generation, and I regret that nowhere have I been able to find a just and suitable record of this man who was so long identified with the interests of Peterborough, except *that* history which is recorded in the hearts of his fellow citizens who had the good fortune to serve on the stage of active life with him, and therefore knew him best. The unqualified verdict of these people is, that he always identified himself with whatever seemed for the interest of Peterborough, and in all such matters, whether public

or private, his sound judgement was always sought and his wise counsel always followed. For forty years this man practiced among his neighbors and fellow townsmen, a profession which many people unjustly repute as unquestionably bad, if not absolutely disreputable, and yet, at the end of that time so honorable and upright had been his life and dealings with his fellow men that he closed the door of his office behind him and went home to lie down and die among the people with whom he had spent an active and conspicuous life without an enemy in the whole community. He was a man who carried influence and conviction with him because of his honesty of purpose and personal disinterestedness, a man of whom much more can be said than I would be justified in saying at this time, and I can do no more and say no less than by closing with the plain, ungarnished statement which I know will be endorsed by all who knew him, that *whatever* he did, *whatever* he said, and *wherever* he went, whether in public or private affairs, whether in the practice of his profession or in social and personal relations with his fellow beings, he was actuated by unselfish motives, uninfluenced for personal gain, and was always found on the side of right, truth and justice, standing head and shoulders above other men of greater pretensions. What greater tribute can be paid a man, what more can a man desire when he is ready to lie down and die after a long and useful life, than a statement like this, coming as it does from the hearts of *all* the people, as their honest, unqualified verdict of their respect and esteem of the man, who has not only been their friend and neighbor, but their counsellor and adviser for forty years in all the trials and vicissitudes incident to public and private life?

Artemas L. Holmes, a native of this town, was a graduate from Dartmouth in 1835, read law, and after being admitted to the bar, practiced a short time in Peterborough, then went to St. Louis where he practiced a number of years, then removed to New York City where he died in 1871. David J. Clark was also a lawyer in this town at one time, but I have been unable to learn anything very definitely of him here or his career elsewhere. Edward S. Cutter is another lawyer who deserves special mention, and who is well remembered by many of the older people now living. I do not remember when Mr. Cutter was a citizen of Peterborough, my acquaintance with him dating from about the time I was admitted to the bar in 1874. He was a native of Jaffrey and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1844, and was principal of Peterborough Academy for two years after, from 1844 to 1846, proving himself to be a thorough and popular teacher. He then began the study of law which he pursued until 1849 in the office of Hon. James Walker of Peterborough and Judge Daniel Clark of Manchester. In 1849 when he was admitted to the Hillsborough County bar he began his practice in Peterborough, where he continued and enjoyed

a large and ever increasing business until 1858, when he removed to Amherst to assume the duties of clerk of the Supreme Court for Hillsborough County, which office he held and filled with ability and satisfaction to the court until about 1870, when he removed to Boston and began the practice of his profession in that city. He returned to Nashua a few years since, where he is now engaged in practicing law. As a member of the "green bag" fraternity he has always stood high in the profession, as a man he has the confidence and friendship of all, and as a citizen is honored and respected by everybody where he has lived. George A. Ramsdell, Cornelius V. Dearborn and Eugene Lewis were all practicing lawyers in Peterborough, the two former for a number of years. They were all men of unquestionable integrity, lawyers of good ability, having the confidence of all who knew them. They required and sought larger fields of practice, and Messrs. Ramsdell and Dearborn moved to Nashua a number of years ago, and Mr. Lewis removed and located in Moline, Ill., a few years later, where he is now engaged in a lucrative and extensive business.

Albert S. Scott is the next Peterborough lawyer on our list. Having been born here, and having been prominently associated with the business and prosperity of the town during his whole life, something more than a passing notice of him is required at this time and on this occasion. Mr. Scott was born in 1824 and lived here until he died in 1877, with the exception of a few years' temporary absence. He was educated in the public schools of the town, at Peterborough Academy, Hancock Literary and Scientific Institute, Phillips Exeter Academy, and was at Dartmouth College one year. From the time he was about fifteen years old until 1859 when he was admitted to the bar, he devoted more or less of his time to teaching. As a teacher his course of instruction was thorough and systematic and therefore successful. He rendered a vast amount of gratuitous service, and devoted much time to our public schools. For many years he was an active and useful member of the superintending school committee. This is a public duty that has always been done in Peterborough without thanks, compensation or reward of any kind, notwithstanding the fact that it is one of the most important and responsible positions in town and one that always sought the best mind, the richest and clearest intellect, and well did Mr. Scott perform the full share of this gratuitous and unappreciated work. I remember well when a lad in school the frequent visits that Mr. Scott made to the old school house on the hill, sometimes appearing as a matter of official duty to direct and encourage in educational affairs, sometimes at the request of the teacher or in response to the petition of a parent to discharge a sterner responsibility which was incumbent on the "committee man." It was sometimes to give a moral lecture, sometimes to reprimand and not unfrequently to expel a bad boy with a vicious

heart, and reprehensible, untamed, and ungovernable spirit. Whatever was the object of his visit we were always sure that it would be accomplished without an apology on his part. His influence in school matters was felt and always recognized as long as he lived, and every boy who was struggling to get an education and wanted a friend to assist and encourage him found such a friend in Mr. Scott. Soon after he left college he began the study of medicine with Dr. Albert Smith and attended one course of medical lectures at Dartmouth Medical College, but for some reason he then abandoned the study of medicine and began the study of law with Dearborn & Cheney, then practicing in Peterborough, and was admitted to the Hillsborough County bar in 1859. My impression is he first located for the practice of his profession in East Jaffrey, and after remaining there for a short time returned and established himself in Peterborough, where he continued in practice until the time of his death, with the exception of a few years, during which time he was cashier of the First National Bank of Peterborough. He was a man of excellent ability and stood well in the legal profession. As a lawyer he was considered a safe and conscientious adviser and an excellent general practitioner; but without doubt he appeared to the best advantage as an able and effective advocate. In this branch of the profession he excelled, and it is not saying too much to state that he had but a few if any superiors in the Hillsborough County bar. He was entrusted with many positions of honor and responsibility by his fellow citizens during his lifetime, among which I may mention that he represented the town four years in the popular branch of the legislature and served as a member of the Governor's council two terms, in 1875 and 1876. Mr. Scott was a man of noble qualities of heart, a patriotic, enterprising citizen, and an earnest, zealous worker in charitable as well as public enterprises, always identifying himself with the social affairs and business interests of his native town. He was a good friend to all who would be befriended, a devoted husband, and a consistent Christian worker. As a man, he was dignified in manner, decided in principle and firm in the faith that was in him. As a gentleman, he was genial, in principle generous, gladdening the hearts of those with whom he had social and business relations. In principle and example he lived a noble, upright life, and died trusting explicitly in his Lord and Master, whom he had tried conscientiously to serve all his life. By his death Peterborough lost one of her most honored citizens, and his premature and untimely death was mourned by all who knew him.

In addition to the seventeen lawyers who have practiced in town there are thirty-one natives of Peterborough who have read law and practiced elsewhere, viz.: Jonathan Steele, John Wilson, Zachaeus Porter, David Steele, Jonathan Steele 2d, David Steele, David Steele 2d, Isaac P. Osgood, Amasa Edes, David Scott, Gustavus

Swan, Gen. James Miller, Thomas F. Goodhue, Stephen Mitchell, John Stuart, Charles Jesse Stuart, James Wilson, Jr., Jonathan Smith, Jr., George Walker, Nathaniel Holmes, Samuel A. Holmes, Bernard B. Whittemore, James Smith, George A. Hunt, John P. Allison, Samuel John Todd, Frederick C. Ingalls, Timothy K. Ames 2d, Jonathan Smith, Will A. Scott, and Frank H. Mackintosh. Many of these men like many of those who have practiced in Peterborough were strong, forcible men. We find them in all parts of our land leading lights in the legal profession, in education, literature, politics—men of worth and genuine integrity, possessing judgment and sterling common sense. All of these men furnish examples of strong intellectual ability, adorned with a finished and classical education. Therefore you will observe if I have not over estimated the worth, and drawn too bright a picture of the work that the "Lawyers of Peterborough" have wrought, that they have played no unimportant part in the work of our government at home and abroad, the freest and best this side of Heaven, and which indeed is founded upon the unwritten law of God, yet, notwithstanding the fact that our government is anchored upon such principles as the Great Law Giver has promulgated for the government of all the people and nations of the earth, you could not carry out its principles and precepts, life would not be safe, liberty would be lost, and the pursuits and happiness of man would be sacrificed were it not for the legal men of our land, who, by their legal training vitalize these precepts and principles of law and become the means and end of putting them into practical operation. Without written, well defined and well executed law, men could not be qualified to respect constituted authority and government could not be maintained. Without lawyers to propound and define what law is good and what is bad, all business and commercial interest, and society, which is the foundation upon which the whole superstructure of government is built, would become disorganized, and in a short time the people would become incapable of self government. Without law and lawyers, kingdoms and empires and republics would become convulsed with taint and corruption, riot and passion would assume dominion, strife and war would follow, and ruin would be the inevitable prelude to the downfall of any government.

Sodom and Gomorrah, Nineveh and Babylon, Egypt and Jerusalem, Greece, Carthage and Rome in the decline of their influence and power, and glory, furnish examples of overwhelming evidence of the destruction of nations when the people begin to disregard sound law and good government. As this decline gradually but surely came upon those once mighty nations, occasioned by a degeneration of their once learned and classic people, and a disregard for their former love of justice and observance of order, neither

the fiery eloquence of Cicero, nor the logic of Demosthenes could turn back the hearts of the people from pending ruin.

It was the law and order, tempered with right and justice flowing out and shimmering in a blaze of living light from the brain of Adams and Jefferson and other apostles of American liberty that brought us out of the land of bondage into the land of freedom. Thus we see that the richest, most cultivated and most powerful nations, with all their armies and navies, with all their schools and sciences have been virtually swept from the face of the earth because they have disregarded the law and order made and established for them, which is the foundation upon which states and nations as well as society stand. Remove a nation's virtue and relax the administration of justice and you take away every element which is capable of holding her together and making her grand and great as well as progressive and permanent. The ministration of the law strikes at the roots of those disorganizing principles of profligacy and vice which endanger and destroy the rights and liberties of the people and disturb the peace and happiness of society. It cannot be denied but what lawyers advance the interest of good government and make the prosperity of a community possible and prepare a people for a higher and more perfect state of existence, making them better in all the social, civil and religious relations they sustain on earth, man toward man and man toward God.

Circumstances interpose, and time forbids allowing me to follow each one of those gentlemen through life and presenting even a brief abstract of the varied and interesting work of their public and private career. I cannot, however, forego the pleasure that it will afford me to mention the name of one of these gentlemen whom I am delighted to welcome here to-day, and I know he will pardon me for speaking of him in his presence, because of the respect and mutual friendship we have always entertained for each other, one who is not only a brother lawyer and a comrade, but one who has been my friend all his life; I refer to the Hon. Jonathan Smith of Clinton, Mass., who has so ably spoken to you this afternoon upon the "Military Record of Peterborough." We were boys together. We were born and reared side by side in the same neighborhood. We have slept in the same bed, we have both known when boys what hard work was on a farm. His father's and my father's land adjoined and we have sweat together in the same hay field. We have looked into the field where the other was hard at work, and I presume he has wished that I had to do his work, as I have wished that he had to do mine. This we did as a matter of course with the best of feelings one toward the other. We drank—water—from the same jug, as in after years we "drank from the same canteen." We attended the same school, tumbled in the same snow, "toed the same crack," and have been chastised with the same rod. We have had our school boy quarrels and bloodless encounters, using ex-

pressions toward each other which are nowhere to be found in the Christian catechism, and have hurled language at one another which was never taught us in the Sunday school. When a boy, as now a man, he "caught on" easily. It was no task for him to learn his lessons. A little time devoted to his books kept him ahead of his fellows. Unfortunately, this gave him ample time for mischief-making with steady going boys like myself. I always sat beside him in school and had to hold close communion with my books all day long whether it was what was most agreeable to me or not. I used to envy him because he had so much time for sly, questionable recreation during the six hours in the day which has been set aside in New England from time immemorial for school purposes. I remember that on a certain occasion, in order to test the sincerity and tenderness of his friendship, while he was at the blackboard explaining an example in mathematics, which he had the audacity to believe he could do better than I could, I placed a large tack in his seat, the most aggravating and tenacious part pointing upwards. Upon returning to his seat unconscious of the presence of the cruel little villain who almost seemed to reach up for his victim, the consequences and logical exclamations resulting from the weight of a one hundred and fifty pound boy coming in contact with such a sly little intruder are better understood by observation, combined with a *little experience*, than by description!! In consequence of this and one or two other similar experiences that really puts a severe test to even a boy's goodness and Christianity, I came to the conclusion that, if he should choose the law as his profession he would make a success of it, as the phrases and expressions then used, if not strictly of *legal* form and import, were certainly *clear*, *comprehensive* and *forcible*, although I have never seen any such language or quotations as he used in any of the ancient or even modern text books. These little episodes were only the freaks of school boys, and if ever there were any hard feelings between us, it lasted only for a day. We served in the same company and regiment in the military service of the United States in the war of the Rebellion. We were not only comrades, but fast friends. As we had slept in the same bed when boys, so in the war we slept in the same bunk and beside the same camp fire. We drank from the same cup, fed with the same knife and fork, and sipped from the same spoon. As we had worked side by side in the same field of corn when boys, later on we fought side by side on the same field of battle for the defense of our country's flag and to preserve the nation's honor. We shared together the dangers of the picket post and skirmish line, the fatigue of the march, and the monotony of the camp. He was a good soldier, a true comrade, and when that time shall come, as it is sure to come, that moves us onward and completes the inevitable destiny of all the children of men, and when the marble shaft is placed to point out to his pos-



terity and to future generations the final resting place where sleeps a brave soldier, a true patriot, a good and noble man, an appropriate epitaph to be placed upon that monument would be, "*He ate his hard tack without grumbling.*" From the war we returned to the home of our fathers together. Later on we were reading law at the same time, and since then we have made its practice our regular profession. Really, our lives have seemed to run from earliest boyhood in the same channel, and as real as that seems to us, we have been equally as true friends.

After being mustered out of the service in 1865 he completed his course of education, entering Dartmouth in 1867, and graduated from that institution in 1871. While in college he was persevering as well as industrious, having an object in view, which was to fit himself for an honorable, useful life, relying entirely upon his own resources and ability to furnish the sinews necessary to secure a college education. In the fall of 1870 while in college, and in the fall of 1871 after graduating, he taught the academy at Lancaster, N. H. He was editor of the *Cool's Republican* from December, 1871, to June, 1873. His pithy articles and sharp thrusts established his reputation as an able and fearless champion of his political faith. The editor's chair, however, was not the place for which he educated himself, and in June, 1873, he entered the law office of Cross & Burnham in Manchester, was admitted to the Hillsborough County bar in January, 1875, and immediately opened an office in that city and began the practice of his profession. He was elected city solicitor of Manchester in 1876, re-elected to the same office in 1877 and again in 1878. In 1878 he removed to Clinton, Mass., where he has since been engaged in an extensive law practice. He was special justice of the second district court of Eastern Worcester from 1881 to 1886, at which time he resigned to take his seat in the Massachusetts house of representatives, having been elected a member of that body from the fifth Worcester representative district, comprising the city of Clinton and six neighboring towns, which office he held one year. He was reappointed special justice of the second district court of Eastern Worcester in 1889, which position he now holds.

This honorable record of my estimable brother, proves conclusively that he is in truth and fact a worthy scion of his distinguished progenitor of whom I have spoken; that he has the confidence and respect of the whole community in which he lives and to which he is justly entitled; and from among all the sons and daughters of Peterborough, and my many friends who have returned to-day to the old hearthstone from all over our country, there are none I am more glad to see, and no one to whom I extend a more cordial welcome and fraternal greeting than to him.

There is now a larger number of lawyers in Peterborough than has been located here at any one time before. This may indicate

one condition of things and yet mean *quite* another. One might naturally think and perhaps be led to believe that the love of strife among the citizens was increasing, that the moral atmosphere was becoming contaminated with ungodly things, and that the temper of the inhabitants was getting to be unquestionably bad. Quite the opposite, however, prove to be the real facts in the case. Litigation and lawsuits are constantly growing less.

I once heard a doctor say in responding for the medical gentlemen, that it naturally followed that the more doctors there were in a community the more sickness and affliction there must necessarily be! The reverse is the case with the legal fraternity. The more lawyers the less litigation and greater the happiness! This is the *very best* reason why you should tolerate those you have with you and encourage others to come! Beyond a question of doubt, the morals of the inhabitants are better than in the earlier days of the town, and the morbid love for strife and litigation which we are told once prevailed to such an extent that almost everybody in town was involved in some kind of a lawsuit or personal quarrel, is constantly diminishing. The lawyers in a self sacrificing spirit are willing to take upon themselves, very largely, if not entirely, the responsibility of this improved condition of society and the peaceful turn of mind that now seems to pervade the whole community! This is a very desirable condition of affairs for the people, but how is it for the lawyers? Cannot you see that it is mighty hard for the "green bag" fraternity? It is safe to say that, with five lawyers in Peterborough, there is not more than twenty-five per cent. of the litigation there was in the early history of the town. Certainly there is no occasion for the town to consider the proposition of giving any lawyer a bonus of five hundred dollars a year to stay here, simply to discourage lawsuits and litigation as it once proposed to do by Jeremiah Smith. There seems to be but very little inducement for young men to prepare themselves and engage in the legal profession now days in this community, except to promote and secure good order, and stimulate "peace and good will on earth" among the children of men! This we do as a matter of fact, purely from benevolent and philanthropic principles and compunction of conscience, in an unbegrudging, self sacrificing manner, and withal, a firm determination to keep constantly in view, whether we do much business or but little, the noble principles once expressed by Daniel Webster at a public dinner when called upon to respond in behalf of "The Lawyers," when he closed with this sentiment: "The law. It has honored us; may we honor it." Such truly has been the practice, purpose, and character of the older "Lawyers of Peterborough" who have completed their work and gone to their reward, leaving for the people of this town the proud consciousness that her sons have not only honored the law, but that they have elevated and dignified that profession which is adorned

with the brightest and keenest intellect of mankind. May their example be emulated by those now in the drama of active life, and may those who follow us continue to elevate and dignify the honorable profession. The influence and example of such men as I have spoken of, ought at least to prevent us and those who shall succeed us, from becoming promoters and conspirators of strife, and at least encourage them to strive to attain the highest ideal in the profession, to cause them to feel that they are not merely lawyers, having an aim only for personal gain, but to realize that that they are indeed ministers in the Temple of Justice, that justice is demanding of them to subordinate greed and glorification after the manner and custom of men, and to devote their energy in assisting to redress wrong, preventing oppression, and securing eternal justice between man and man. This much briefly told of the history of the sons and "Lawyers of Peterborough" who have practiced the legal profession here and elsewhere will be sufficient at this time to convince an intelligent people that they have occupied no ignoble place in this town and other communities in which they have lived; that they have been conspicuous actors in the grand events which make up the history of our town and country, and I trust I shall not be considered presumptuous if I state that the lawyers hold a position in local and public matters by virtue of their profession, which places them paramount to all other professional men, and that the lawyers who have practiced in Peterborough and her sons who have practiced elsewhere have had a great influence in shaping and directing the destiny of affairs, and compare favorably in ability and legal attainments with those of any other town in the State of New Hampshire.

"The Lawyers of Peterborough" have served you in the government of your town, they have always taken an active interest in the cause of education, they have always been interested in your churches and the cause of Christianity, they have always been found on the side of truth and justice, they have been of liberal mind and advanced ideas, they have served you in both branches of the *State* legislature and as the governor and chief executive of the State, they have filled and honored every department in our courts of justice, they have sat upon the bench, have influenced courts by their logical and legal arguments, and warped the minds of jurists by the force of their strong and eloquent pleas. Their voices have been heard in the halls of our National Congress, and when law, and argument, and modern diplomacy have failed among men and nations to establish the right and correct the wrong, they have been seen in the foremost rank of danger on the field of battle fighting for justice, defending the flag and protecting their country's honor, and above *all else*, they have been respectable citizens, at all times taking an interest in the general welfare and prosperity of the town, and as a rule, have had the confi-

dence and respect of their fellow citizens in the community in which they lived.

Our historian somewhere records the fact that the ministerial history of the town is the darkest page in the calendar. The legal profession has furnished no such chapter for our history. "The Lawyers of Peterborough" need no words of mine to defend them, and I cannot pronounce a more fitting and truthful eulogy, or one that will speak louder in their praise or more eloquently in their commendation than by saying, and without fear of contradiction, that they have taken part and been associated, at some time, in some place, and in some way, with some or all of the great and grand events, either local or national, the accomplishment of which has made our town, and county, and state, and country, so grand and glorious, and Peterborough has indeed especial reason to be proud of her sons who have made law their profession. They have all discharged their duty and performed their part as American citizens in working out the glory and salvation of our common country, securing for us an honorable and independent existence among the nations of the earth, the future possibilities of which are grand beyond conception. Of the seventeen lawyers who have practiced in Peterborough, I have made brief mention with the exception of the five last named, who are now living and are engaged in the practice of their profession in this town. Of them it is not my purpose to speak individually. You know them all as well as I. Our race in life is not run, our work like most of our predecessors of whom I have spoken is unfinished, and we will leave them and their labor, and their record, as subjects for future generations, and for those who will celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of our town fifty years from to-day, trusting my friends that the law will be as ably promulgated and as honestly and conscientiously administered during the next one hundred and fifty years as it has been in the past, and that Peterborough may continue to raise up men who will do equal honor to the legal profession.

The Chairman:

MR. PRESIDENT:—I desire to present now a gentleman, a son of Peterborough, one who as a companion and schoolmate in boyhood I remember as deeply interested in vocal and instrumental music. I introduce to you Ethan Hadley, Esq., of Chicopee, Mass., who will speak to the theme,

"OUR FORMER CITIZENS."

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW CITIZENS OF MY NATIVE TOWN:—It gives me great pleasure to be present with you today, to look in the faces of so many I knew in boyhood, and to have so vividly brought to remembrance the events of fifty years ago. But there comes a feeling of sadness as I look back over the neighborhoods of

my acquaintance, call to mind the inmates of the homes, my associates and schoolmates, and know that a large majority of them are gone, never to return. My father's household seems to be an exception. There were eight brothers and sisters then, and all are living today; also, three others born since, the youngest about forty years of age. Nearly a generation has come and gone since I have resided here, and yet there are no places or localities that come back to mind with such pleasurable distinctness as the hills and mountains, valleys and streams of Peterborough.

I was a small lad of eleven years at the time of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary, too young to be permitted to take any active part in the exercises of that occasion, but my father was a member of the choir, and I being somewhat musically inclined, he allowed me to go with him to some of the preliminary gatherings and rehearsals for singing. I remember of going to a meeting in the old town hall on what is now Concord street, called to make arrangements for the singing, an important part of which was to choose a leader. The choice lay between two—Mr. Nahum Warren and Mr. Milton Carter. Now, for certain reasons, I had come to entertain the highest respect for the musical ability of Nahum Warren, and felt very sure that he ought to be chosen leader, but when the vote was taken, it was found that a large majority thought otherwise, and Mr. Carter was elected. As I look back upon it now with maturer judgment, I should say, that while the singers did not choose the best musician, they nevertheless made no mistake in the choice, for Mr. Carter, with his goahead-iveness, push and musical enthusiasm, would arouse an interest in the singers that Mr. Warren very likely would have failed to have done.

After choosing a leader came the question as to what should be sung. Selections were made from old and somewhat familiar music, but they thought that the grand occasion called for something new, and so sent abroad and procured an anthem entitled, "A Multitude of Angels." It was a noisy and somewhat peculiar piece of music, and some of the lads of the village named it "a multitude of devils." Probably it has not been sung in Peterborough since then; certainly I have never heard it, but think I can recall some of the opening strains. (Sings.)

"A multitude of angels, a multitude of angels,  
With a shout! with a shout!"

And in thought I can see Mr. Carter as he stood there drilling the united choirs, vigorously marking the time with his fiddle bow, or joining in the chorus with voice and violin, trying to beget in the singers something of his own enthusiasm. And he met with commendable success; for when the time arrived, the music was forcibly rendered, and "A Multitude of Angels" filled every nook and corner of the church.

On the morning of the 24th, probably every boy in town who could do so was in the village. I was on hand, and as the procession was being formed on Concord street, very naturally gravitated to the front where the musicians were, for we had a band that day. If a comparison was to be made between that and the one to whose stirring strains we have listened today, it might in some respects be unfavorable for the former organization, but they were no mean company of musicians. Small in numbers, but not small men. There was Mr. Morse of Dublin, a man of stalwart frame, though he played a small instrument—an E-flat bugle, but little used at the present time; and Mr. Phillips, known as Dick Phillips. As I recall him, he had largeness in more directions than one. Large eyebrows, a large face, mouth and lips, and large also in the region of the stomach and abdomen. But when he put the large cup or mouthpiece of his instrument to those large lips, the tones that came forth from that slide trombone, were anything but small. They were *true* and *telling*. And there was Merrill Peavey, who played a B-flat bugle—another instrument gone out of use. And there were three brothers of the White family, all of them full of music; and there were probably some others whom I do not recall. Now these musicians were in readiness to play with music selected and in their bookracks, when the marshal of the day, Gen. John Steele, walked to the front, and in a courteous yet somewhat dignified manner, said: "Gentlemen of the band will please play, 'All Long Syne.'" Now, evidently, "Auld Lang Syne" was not in the program, and the musicians looked at one another enquiringly, as if to say, what shall we do? One said, "We can't play it." Another, "O, yes we can." "Well, what key shall we play it in?" After deciding what the key should be, at the word of command they played without notes, marching to the slow time of this familiar air to the church, where they continued playing until the celebrities and veterans had passed in, when the tune was changed for a lively quickstep. There may be some of those players present, and I am querying whether they can recall that tune. I fancy its strains are running through my mind, and for their sakes and those who heard them, without regard to musical taste or style, will endeavor to give them vocal form. (Sings "The Prince Eugene Quickstep.") And so, marching to the rapid movement of this rollicking quickstep, the church was soon filled to overflowing, and there was no room for boys. At least I thought so, and being a somewhat bashful boy, failed to gain admittance, and therefore recall little else that was done.

There are many here to-day who were here fifty years ago. There are probably, also, many who will be living when the two hundredth anniversary shall come; but none of us, fellow citizens, who can remember the past fifty years, will be living then, to recall the present. We shall all have yielded to the fell destroyer.

But thanks, there will be no lack of people to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary, if they choose to do so. I believe there is a future yet for Peterborough; when man shall have advanced in knowledge as he surely will, and better understands how to utilize the sources of wealth, comfort and power, to be found in the streams and soil, and beneath the soil of these hills and valleys; and when some of the evils that have afflicted, and do still afflict this as well as most other towns,—when these shall have been put far away, there shall be found dwelling here in generations to come, a prosperous, contented and happy people.

The Chairman:

I will now call upon James F. Brennan, Esq., to respond to the closing toast for this occasion,

“OUR IRISH AMERICAN CITIZENS.”

MR. TOASTMASTER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—My memory leads me back over a comparatively brief part of the time covered by the recollections of the gray haired men and women who are here present. I was born in this beautiful village; my first hallowed recollections cluster here; its territory is familiar to me; I know its people and something of its history, and wherever I go my mind reverts with pride to this good old town. It is with great pleasure that I accept the honor of responding to this toast, and in what I have to say shall not refer to the comparatively modern generation of Irishmen—Murphy, Brennan, Hamill, Noone, and scores of others—and their descendants, who have helped to build up this town, and whose history should be left for a resumé of fifty years hence, but to those early settlers who came across the ocean, and their descendants; men who risked all, even life itself, to make this spot a fit place for the abode of men. They were composed in a very small part of Scotchmen, Englishmen and other nationalities, but the essential part of the pioneers of our town, in fact nearly all of them, were Irishmen, for I assume that where men were born in Ireland, as they were, where many of their fathers, perhaps, also, some of their grandfathers were born, they were men who can unqualifiedly be called Irishmen. Adopt any other standard and a large part of the inhabitants of Ireland at the time they emigrated would not be considered Irishmen, and probably few persons in this town to-day would be considered Americans. The Scotchmen who came to Ireland, and from whom some of the pioneers of this town trace their ancestry, landed on that Emerald Isle, as our town history records it, in 1610, more than a century and a quarter before their descendants came to this country in 1736. They were indeed Irishmen to the manor born, with all the traits, impulses and characteristics of that people, having, as the Rev. Dr. Morison said in his centennial address, the “comic humor and pathos of the Irish,” and to their severe character and

habits "another comforter came in, of Irish parentage; the long countenance became short, the broad Irish humor began to rise," etc. Need I ask the indulgence of my hearers if I occupy a part of the time allotted to me in naming some of these men who were the founders of this town and the inaugurators of civilization in this section?

Samuel Gordon and wife (Eleanor Mitchell) were born in the County Tyrone, Ireland, as were also his father and mother; they are all buried in the old cemetery on the hill. By marriage the blood intermixed with Holden, Kimball, Barnes, Pierce, Cochran, Dickey, White, Brooks and Hurd.

William Alld was born in Ireland in 1723, and was one of the early settlers. The blood mixed by marriage with Swan, Metcalf, Worcester, Way and Whitten.

John McKean was born in Ballymony, Ireland, in 1714, and was the ancestor of all the McKeans in this section. His son James lived and died on the David Blanchard place.

John Ferguson was born in Ireland in 1704, and came to this country with the Smiths, Wilsons and Littles. The blood infused into Morison, Stuart, Duncan, Miller, Moore, Evans and Whiting.

George Duncan was born in Ireland and was the ancestor of all of that name in this section. Shortly after emigrating he married Mary Bell of Ballymony, and their progeny married into Taggart, Todd, Black, McClellan, Moore, Wallace, Wells and Cummings.

John Swan came from Ireland, and the family mixed by marriage with Parker, Stuart, Gilchrest, Morse, Caldwell, Alld, Sawyer, Graham, Chamberlain, Nay, Hoyt, Steele, Hannaford, Moore, Mitchell, Cutter and White.

Joseph Turner and wife emigrated from Ireland with their sons Thomas, Joseph and William, who were all born there. The blood by marriage went into Wellman, Sanders, Shedd, Converse, Nichols, Goodhue, Nutting, Taggart, Davis and Preston.

John Moore emigrated from Ireland in 1718, and is the ancestor of all of the same name here. The blood mixed by marriage with Jewett, Priest, Taggart, Woodward, Smith, Gregg, Dinsmore, Wood, Steele, Turner, Holmes, Burnham, Jordan and Phelps.

Andrew Todd was born in Ireland in 1697, and married a daughter of John Moore. Their progeny married with Morison, Miller, Taggart and Brown.

John Smiley, after his marriage, emigrated from Ireland. The blood by marriage went into Miller, Hovey, Parker, McCoy, Wilson and Leonard.

Abial Sawyer was born in Ireland in 1721, where also his wife was born in 1726. From them all of the name about here trace their origin, intermixing by marriage with Gregg, Bailey, Scott, Farnsworth, Howard and Nichols.



Matthew and James Templeton came from Ireland, and their blood intermixed by marriage with Holmes, Miller, Robbe, Wilder and McCoy.

William Robbe, both of his wives, and seven children, were all born in Ireland, three generations of the family having lived there. From them all of the name in town trace their origin. They mixed by marriage with Taggart, Whittemore, Farnsworth, Mussey, White, Redding, Chapman, Gowing, Livingston, Morrison, Moore, Follansbee and Swallow.

Thomas Steele was born in Ireland in 1694, and came here in 1718. The blood mixed by marriage with Gregg, Mitchell, Wilson, Smith, Ramsey, Swan, Senter, Willey and Rice. With another branch of the Steeles which emigrated from Ireland was the father of the late John H. Steele, governor of our State in 1844-5.

William Wilson emigrated from the County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1737, with his wife, daughter, and son Robert who was born in that county, and who commanded a party of men organized to go to Lexington, armed, as our town history says, with guns, pitchforks and shillalahs. The blood by marriage went into Swan, Steele, Johnson, Hunter, Lee, Gibbon, Scott, Jackson, Sherwood, Fisk and Taintor.

Thomas Davidson emigrated from Ireland with his brother John Davidson, and Matthew Wright. By marriage the blood went into Patrick, Hoar, Dodge, Clark, Cutter and Nichols.

Thomas Cunningham was a native of Ireland. The blood mixed by marriage with Robbe, McKean, Treadwell, Hale, Goodhue, Jackson, Caldwell, Porter and Bishop.

John Wallace came to Londonderry from the County Antrim, Ireland, in 1719, and was the ancestor of the name here. The blood is mixed with Mitchell, Noone and Spline.

James Gregg emigrated from Ireland to Londonderry in 1718, and was the ancestor of all of the name in this section. The family intermixed with Steele, Gibbs, Hutchins, Nelson, Macy and Wright.

William McNee, born in Ireland in 1711, was one of the settlers of the town. Before he came to this country he married Mary E. Brownley, by whom he had all his children. His descendants have now reached the eighth generation, but unfortunately the name is entirely lost. The first and second generations retained the name, but the third changed it to Nay. They intermixed with Cunningham, Taggart, Millikin, Swan, Upton, Weston, Davidson, Turner, Miller, Gilbert, Frost, Buss, Wood, Felt, Cross, Porter, Jaquith, Vose, Adams, Young, Balch, Perkins and Hapgood.

Nathaniel Holmes (the ancestor of our able orator here to-day and all of the name in this section) was born in Coleraine, Ireland, as was also his father. Thus we have three generations of this family which lived in Ireland. He was an early settler and by

marriage the blood mixed with Whittemore, Adams, Clement, Swasey, Leach, Kimball, Dickey, Hall, Griffin, Gregg, Miller, Aiken, Bruce, Sewall, Smith, Newton and Livingston.

There were two distinct families of Millers in town, remotely related; the ancestors of both, however, came from Ireland. Back to these people our president of this day and all of the name hereabouts trace their ancestry. They intermarried with Patterson, Burns, Campbell, Vickery, Johnson, Mead, Shipman, Templeton, McFarland, White, Duncan, Davis, Ropes, Wilkins, Phelps, McCoy, Thompson, Cunningham, Taggart, Gowing, Clark, Gregg, Holt, Sanderson, Wilder and Scott.

All of the Whites in town, including the marshal of this day, are descendants of Patrick White, who was born in Ireland in 1710. By marriage they intermixed with Stuart, Shearer, Gregg, Upton, Cram, Stearns, Carley, Parker, Grant, Dennis, Goodwin, Farmer, Perry, Swan, Pierce, Fisk, Washburn, Whittemore, Shattuck, Leighton, Burns, Alld, Grimes, Loring, Holmes, Mitchell, Scott, Cunningham, Lakin, Spafford, Longley, Kyes and Tenney.

Samuel Morison and wife emigrated from Ireland, leaving their parents, but taking with them eight children, who were all born there. From them descended all that family in this section who spell their name with one r, including our poet of to-day, and the venerable gentleman whom we are proud to have with us here, who delivered the oration at our centennial fifty years ago. By marriage their blood went into the following named families: Steele, Mack, Knight, Johnson, Bassett, Williams, Mitchell, Smith, Moore, Todd, Wallace, Hale, Graham, Felt, Wilcox, Holmes, Buxton and Wells.

James Smith, the progenitor of all the Smiths in this section, was from Ireland. His son Robert was born in Moneymore, Ireland, and with his four children, John, Sarah, Mary and William, all born near Lough Neagh, came to this country in 1736. Thus we find that three generations of this family were from Ireland. Dr. Smith, the historian of our town, was a descendant of this family. By marriage the blood went into Bell, McNee, Morison, White, Annan, Dunshee, Fletcher, Smiley, Burns, McCrillis, Emery, Findley, Pierce, Russell, Barker, Fifield, Cavender, Walker, Gordon, Fox, Foster, Reynolds, Kilbourne, Jones, Leonard, Blanchard, Lewis, Cheney and Dearborn.

William Scott emigrated in 1736 from Coleraine, Ireland, where all his children were born, among them William, who settled here the same year. This man and his father were Irish, as was also Alexander Scott, progenitor of another branch which settled here and emigrated at the same time. From these families sprang every person of the name in town, among them our efficient toastmaster, and by marriage the blood has mingled with Cochran, Robbe, Wills, Maxfield, Cummings, Ramsey, Whitney, Lincoln,

Loomis, Gray, Bullard, Jewett, Fuller, Bowers, Orr, Allyn, Blanchard, Clark and Ramsdell.

This is only a partial list of the Irishmen who were the founders and builders of Peterborough—which may be completed at some future time. It could be extended considerably, but sufficient names are here given to show the nationality of the men to whom this town owes its existence. All the brief facts here given are taken from the history of this town and that of Londonderry, N. H.

Thus we see that there are comparatively few persons in town to-day, with the exception of recent comers, who have not coursing in their veins the blood of those sturdy Irishmen who made this town what it is, whose bodies have long since returned to clay in the old cemetery on the hill, and whose history is the history of the town itself. Long may their memory be cherished! Long may the pride which exists in such ancestry be retained! They were brave, honest, manly men, who broke down the barriers that civilization might enter. Their lot was a life of hardship; it is ours to enjoy the fruits of their work.

Not only the privations of this cold, uninviting country were theirs to suffer, but intolerance and bigotry met them at the threshold of the country to which they were about to bring a blessing. Rev. Dr. Morison in his centennial address, said that when the Smiths, Wilsons, Littles and others arrived, "it was noised about that a pack of Irishmen had landed." They were denied even lodgings. Mr. Winship, of Lexington, who extended a welcome to them, however, said, "If this house reached from here to Charlestown, and I could find such Irish as these, I would have it filled up with Irish, and none but Irish."

If there is a town or city in this broad land owing a greater debt of gratitude to that green isle over the sea than does this town, I know it not. If there is a place which should extend more earnest and loving sympathy to Ireland in her struggles, I know not where it is. It was there that your forefathers and mine were born; there where their infant feet were directed; there where they were educated in those grand principles of honesty, sturdy manhood and bravery well fitting them to become the pioneers of any country, and fortunate it was for that land toward which they turned their faces. Here they built their log cabins, and shrines to worship God, and reared families of from eight to sixteen children, for they were people among whom large families were popular, and the more modern aversion to a large number of children had not taken possession of those God-fearing men and women. Happy it was that the duty of populating this country was theirs, and not that of the present generation, whose disposition to do this might be doubted. Dr. Smith writes in our town history: "Of the large and influential families of Todd, Templeton,

Swan, Alld, Stuart, Cunningham, Mitchell, Ritchie, Ferguson, and many more, not a single individual of their family remains in town; and of the large families of Steele, Robbe, Smith, Morison, Moore and Holmes, their numbers are greatly lessened, and they are growing less every year."

In reviewing the character of these men, we should not, as a first essential, go into an inquiry of how they worshipped God; of what were their religious or political belief; whether Protestant or Catholic, Whig or Tory. We only ask were they honest men, holding fast to those principles which they believed right? The answer to this will not bring the blush of shame upon our cheek, nor the consciousness of regret that their blood is part and parcel of our bodies. If we follow in their footsteps in our dealings with men; if we are as honest and courageous as they; if we do an equal share to make the world better and more attractive to future generations, we can, when the toil of this life is over, rest in the secure belief of duty well done.

The Chairman:

The lateness of the hour and the gathering darkness remind me that these very interesting exercises must be brought to a close. The audience will now rise and join the choir in singing "America:"

"My country, 'tis of thee."

Sung by the united audience with great spirit, after which the gathering adjourned to meet October 24, 1939.

## ANTIQUARIAN DEPARTMENT.

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This department, under the management of the very efficient committee, proved to be one of the chief attractions to those who were so fortunate as to gain admission to the limited quarters assigned for the display of the rare exhibits that were contributed on the occasion. The following is a partial list, although many other articles of interest, and equally deserving of notice were on exhibition:

Wm. Ames—two iron kettles 130 years old, warming pan and foot warmer.

Mrs. A. W. Noone—hand card 75 years old.

Mrs. H. P. Bullard—slippers, black veil, hose and sampler made in 1825.

Prof. M. H. Fiske of Temple—pocket register taken by his grandfather from the dead body of a British soldier during the year 1777.

Mrs. F. F. Myrick—China teapot and glass tea caddy brought from China in 1795.

Miss Fannie Richardson—ear jewels 160 years old.

John Scott—first mirror brought to town, and very old cups and saucers.

J. F. Brennan—copies of the first written and first printed catalogues of the town library, and a complete set of annual town reports.

Mrs. John Adams—bread toaster, bedspread, ancient crockery, coffee and tea pot.

Mrs. Betsey Washburn—plate, sampler and toddy tumbler.

Mrs. Frank Spaulding—dress, crockery, chair, and tea canister, all centenarians.

Mrs. J. E. Saunders—spider a century old, ancient creamer and plate.

Mrs. A. L. Nay—slippers, book, shoulder cape, snuffer and tray, bead bag, plate and nutmeg grater.

Mrs. Fannie Carter—choice ancient crockery.

A. W. Noone—a large number of samples of goods manufactured at his mill.

Two dolls 61 years old were exhibited by Mrs. Tubbs and Mrs. Avery, and pitcher 100 years old by Flora J. Tubbs.

Mrs. Fanny Swan—tea caddy in use when tea was \$5 a pound, old chair.

Fred S. Piper—small silver spoons.

Frank Davis—sermon 121 years old, christening cup and chair.

C. A. Wheeler—continental three dollar bill, 1775, sun dial used by the thirteenth family which settled in Hancock in 1775, a buss made with a pen-knife and finely carved.

Nellie W. McGilvray—125 years old sugar-bowl and creamer.

The fine old framed portraits and samplers which attracted a large share of attention, were sent from Rutherford, N. J., by Mrs. Mary L. Hallock, at her own expense. They were fine likenesses of Daniel and Sally (Allison) Abbot, both born in Londonderry in 1769. The portraits were painted in 1806. One of the samplers was made by Jane Abbot, afterwards Mrs. John Scott of Detroit, Mich., in 1811, and the other by Sally Abbot, afterwards Mrs. Jefferson Fletcher of Westford, Mass., in 1818.

Mrs. C. A. Rice of Henniker—skirt embroidered by Mrs. J. M. Ramsey in 1809, when in her 14th year, veil and collar by Mrs. Betsey Steele, collar by Jane Steele, towel by Irene Felt, pin cushion and handkerchief.

Mrs. Geo. Cragin—pair of silver candlesticks brought from England to Salem, Mass., 160 years ago, and a tooth "from the whale, it is supposed, that swallowed Jonah."

Mrs. Alice Tucker—very ancient punch bowl, and a Bible printed in 1734.

Ancient bibles were loaned by E. M. Felt, F. A. Wallace, Misses Lizzie Blanchard and Mary Snow.

The tall clock which stood at the right of the stage was one of the first brought to town, and is the property of John C. Swallow. The little wall clock suspended at the left of the stage was owned by Mrs. M. A. Howe, and is a relic of the Whiting family. F. P. Fisk also exhibited a very ancient time piece.

Of ancient books there were a number, the oldest being a work on medicine, printed in London, England, in the year 1652, loaned by C. H. Hayward.

Geo. H. Longley exhibited a pair of saddle bags once belonging to old aunt Susa Morrison, and known to be over 110 years old.

Mrs. Caroline Clark exhibited a prayer book 274 years old, also a pair of spectacles 175 years old, cups, saucers, pepper box, mustard pots, mugs, salter, plates, pewter porringer, silver teapot, and two very ancient chairs finely preserved and now in constant daily use.

Mrs. Isaac D. White contributed three baby caps 100 years old, and a still more aged nutmeg grater, cups and saucers, two samplers, and an hour glass which has been an heirloom in her family for more than 125 years.

Hon. Peter Clark of New Ipswich presented an old German flag-on made in the year 1671. It was unearthed in Sharon, some time since, by a man who was engaged in digging out a woodchuck.

Mrs. W. G. Livingston—copy of the first sermon preached in New England, teapot more than 100 years old, candlestick 100 years old.

Mrs. Charles Jewett—Mother Goose's melodies, printed in 1733.

Sampson Washburn—linen doily made from flax grown on Washburn farm, of which samples were shown; choice needle work and two old almanacs.

Mrs. A. H. Wheeler—hour glass, slippers 175 and stockings 150 years old, home made linen, two ladies' wallets, lady's lunch bag.

Benoni Fuller—table 100 years old.

H. W. Dunbar—relic of old meeting house.

Mrs. Charles Scott—brass candlesticks, brought from England 116 years ago.

Mrs. Samuel Taggart—elegant old China tea set.

Miss Ellen Edes—black silk wedding dress worn by J. D. Diamond's grandmother 125 years ago.

A. F. Grimes—pair brass candlesticks, and silver castor formerly owned by Mrs. L. W. Hogan—a choice relic.

Mrs. Clarence White—elegant China tea set, old fashioned high backed comb, clock reel.

James Wilson—old oval, swinging tavern sign, "William Wilson, 1798;" spinning wheel, clock reel and old portrait.

Wm. Moore—ancient chair and two old paintings in water colors.

J. C. Swallow—linen sheet and bedspread made on hand loom, and a well preserved old surveyor's compass used in the early days of Peterborough.

Mrs. P. D. Brown—books 158 years old, handkerchief, breast-pin, spectacles, thread case and shawl.

Mrs. L. R. Pierce—sampler, hand glass, spectacles, ancient book, pewter plate and basin.

Miss Ann Woodward—Ladies' circular made from a dress more than 200 years old, sun dial brought from Ireland 200 years ago, and a copy of one of the first geographies used in this country.

Mrs. George Hunt—gourd used as a coffee holder, candlesticks used in the illumination of the old Hancock house in Boston when the Declaration of Independence was celebrated, powder horn, sampler, etc., from the estate of the late Col. John Little.

## CENTENNIAL NOTES.

### PETERBOROUGH CADET BAND.

The following is a list of the members of Peterborough Cadet Band at the 150th anniversary celebration:

Henry B. Needham,	Drum Major.
Fred J. Ames,	Leader and Director.
Louis J. Dean,	Piccolo.
Scott J. Appleton,	E-flat Clarinet.
Frank H. Osborn,	B-flat Clarinet.
William P. Averill,	E-flat Cornet.
George W. Preston,	E-flat Cornet.
Thomas F. Burns,	Solo B-flat Cornet.
Fred G. Livingston,	1st B-flat Cornet.
Charles A. Robbe,	1st B-flat Cornet.
Louis E. Fitzgerald,	2d B-flat Cornet.
Augustin Blanchette,	1st Alto.
George F. Diamond,	2d Alto.
Charles H. Warren,	3d Alto.
Fred G. Robbe,	1st Trombone.
Fred W. Hardy,	Baritone.
Frank E. Longley,	B-flat Bass.
Frank E. Russell,	Tuba.
Algernon L. Holt,	Tuba.
Charles G. Rourke,	Bass Drum.
Abraham E. Burgess,	Snare Drum.
Edgar J. Treadwell,	Cymbals.

### NAMES OF THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL SINGERS.

The following is a list of the names of those who took part in the singing exercises:

William Moore Director.      Mrs. Addie C. Leathe, Pianist.

#### *Soprano.*

Mrs. F. K. Longley,	Mrs. Abbie M. Colby,
Mrs. Will A. Knight,	Mrs. J. L. Fleming,
Mrs. A. E. Ollis,	Miss L. Carrie Blanchard.
Mrs. Geo. W. Ames, Jr.,	Miss Nellie C. White,
Mrs. Agnes A. Wheeler,	Miss Flora J. Tubbs,
Mrs. Alvah Puffer,	Miss Alice J. Sawyer,
Mrs. Margie A. Davis,	Miss Ethel C. Smith,
Miss Lena M. Shedd.	

#### *Alto.*

Mrs. Geo. W. Farrar,	Mrs. G. R. Senter,
Mrs. R. B. Hatch,	Mrs. Gadie F. Hadley,
Mrs. F. J. Shedd,	Mrs. Geo. A. Sanders.
Mrs. J. B. Shedd,	Miss Addie F. Bailey,
Mrs. J. R. Mooney,	Miss Cora E. Davis.



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**Frank J. Shedd,  
Edgar M. Wilkins,  
Albion P. Howe,  
John W. Howe,  
Thomas A. Liscord,  
Fred B. Thompson.**

**Freeman Pelsey,  
Charles H. Weeks,  
John H. Matthews,  
Charles E. Ray.**

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1. Quartet. . . . . "Praise of the Soldier."
2. Reading. . . . . "Robert of Lincoln."  
Miss Florence.  
Encore—"The Goblins."
3. Solo. . . . . "Last Night."  
W. D. Allen.  
Encore—"My Pretty Jane."
4. Quartet. . . . . "Bill of Fare."  
Encore—"Laugh, Boys, Laugh."
5. Reading. . . . . Sleep walking scene from Macbeth.  
Miss Florence.
6. Duet. . . . . "Eight Bells."  
Messrs. Allen and Aborn.
7. Quartet. . . . . { a "Toast."  
  b "The Water Mill."
8. Reading. . . . . Specimen Reading Class.  
Miss Florence.  
Encore—"Two Fond Lovers."
9. Quartet. . . . . "Simple Simon."  
Encore—"Who built the Ark?"
10. Solo. . . . . "Man-o'-Wars-Man."  
Encore—"Tomorrow will be Friday."
11. Reading. . . . . "Dorcas Pennyroyal's Love Affairs."  
Encore—"Foreigners' views of the Statue of Liberty in New  
York Harbor."
12. Quartet. . . . . "Serenade."

As the numerous encores would seem to indicate, the program was enthusiastically received, and the evening's entertainment was a pleasing one. The singing by the quartet was harmonious, and Miss Florence won immediate favor by the excellence of her readings. The net receipts added a goodly sum to the centennial fund. Much credit is due to Mr. W. D. Allen, formerly superintendent of the shoe factory and a resident, through whose efforts the services of the quartet and talented reader were secured.

Following the concert, a large number joined in a social dance under the auspices of Appleton's orchestra, the centennial program closing with the concert.

The following is a list of those who were members of the choir and band at the celebration fifty years ago who were present at this celebration: Mrs. Betsey Follansbee, aged 84 years; Alvah Ames, aged 83 years; Mrs. Emeline Twitchell Clark, Mrs. Charlotte Wilson Jackson, Mrs. Sarah Cheney Abbott, Mrs. Elizabeth Stone Peavey, Mrs. Andrew A. Farnsworth, Mrs. Louisa E. Burt, Miss Elmira Fife, Miss Elvira Fife, Andrew A. Farnsworth, Theophilus P. Ames, members of the choir; Peter H. Clark and Stephen White, members of the band.

The newspaper men present were John F. Faxon of the Boston Herald, C. C. Clifford of the Boston Journal, Geo. H. Longley of the Boston Globe, Burnham of the Manchester Union, A. E. DeWolfe of the Nashua Telegraph, E. M. Stanyan and F. P. Whittemore of the Nashua Gazette, J. J. Donahue of the Associated Press, E. H. Cheney of the Lebanon Free Press, and A. A. Rotch of the Amherst Cabinet.

About four hundred people partook of the excellent dinner furnished by caterer E. H. Smith, who received many compliments.

It is estimated that there were nearly one thousand former sons and daughters of Peterborough present at the celebration, and it is to be regretted that a correct list of them was not secured.

It should pass into history as a credit to this town that, notwithstanding a larger number of people than ever before were congregated here on sesqui-centennial day, not a single arrest was made for drunkenness or disorder, and we have yet to learn that any person was seen or known to be badly intoxicated upon our streets on that day.













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